THE LITERARY DIGEST

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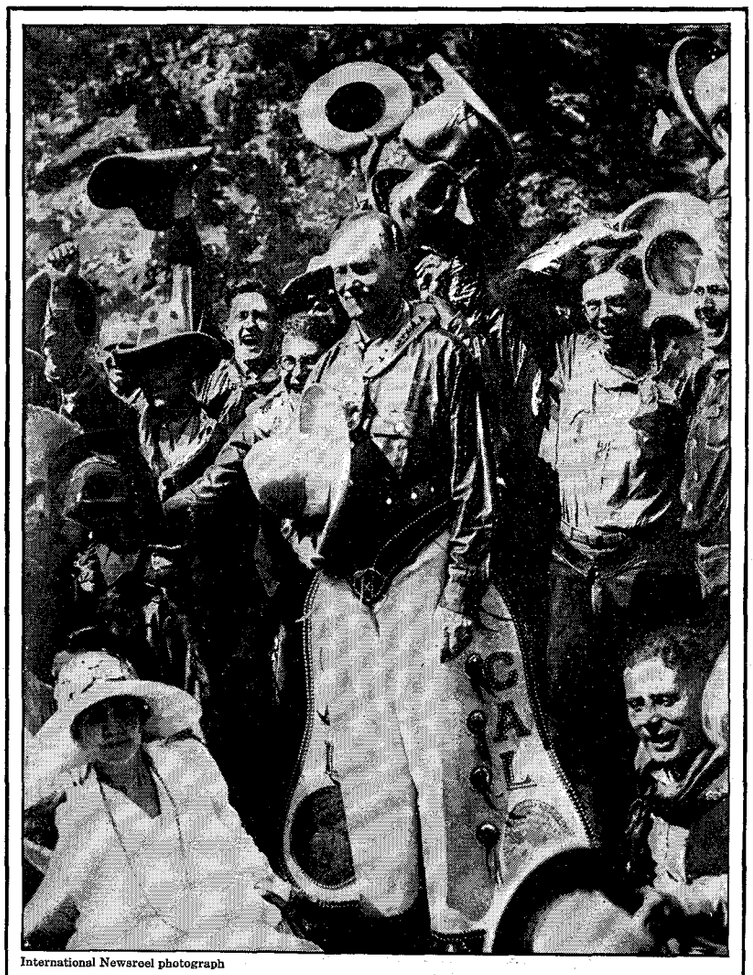
TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

IS COOLIDGE WINNING THE WESTERN VOTER?

THE NEWS FROM THE BLACK HILLS is not altogether confined to round-ups and rodeos, birthday parties and fishing trips, ten-gallon hats and the effects of altitude and temperature on the Presidential physique. It will be remembered that many an editor insisted that politics had something to do with the President's choice of the South Dakota summer home. And now several correspondents feel certain that whatever the President's purpose may have been, his first month in the Northwest has had definite political results. We hear that the West likes him better; that he has succeeded in somewhat pacifying the discontented farmer; and prominent political figures like Senator Curtis, Senator Borah, General Wood, and various Congressmen, State legislators, and editors either visit the State Game Lodge or proclaim from afar that there will be no serious opposition in the West to President Coolidge's renomination and reelection. And yet there is a certain editorial reluctance to believe that our Yankee Chief Executive really is winning the West; young Senator La Follette calls the President an "agressive" candidate for another nomination, and declares that "he will have to do more than wear a ten-gallon hat, kiss babies, and catch trout in order to carry him to a third term in the White House"; important farm-belt dailies insist that the President's sojourn in the agricultural Northwest does not make anybody forget that he vetoed the McNary-Haugen bill the farmers wanted. Finally, there are those who doubt whether anything the President does or says makes much difference, and who think that the great political events of 1928 will depend entirely on factors like crops, markets, and prices—that it is all a matter of what they call "economic determinism."



International Newsreel photograph

"CAL'S OUR PAL!"

"Please remember that we are with you, Cal, you and your gal," sang the cowboys who visited the President at the summer White House on his fifty-fifth birthday on July 4, and cheered madly when he appeared in a fancy cowboy costume that had just been given him. He was also given a pony, but did not venture to emulate our Rough Rider President by mounting it.

While on the surface "Mr. Coolidge has made no move that can be interpreted as solely political," a New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) correspondent at Rapid City, where the executive offices are located, comes to the conclusion that "his presence in the West and the expected bumper crops this year seem to have combined to dissipate some of the feeling against him for his veto of the McNary-Haugen bill." Political leaders who gravitate to the summer White House, we read on, "say that if he can succeed in mollifying the opposition of the West, through the enactment of a satisfactory farm-relief bill by the next Congress, he will gain Western delegates in the convention and will carry most of the farm States, if not all of them, in the election." According to this authority, Mr. Coolidge "has received many letters and personal assurances that the farm issue is less assertive in the face of present crop conditions and that the third-term issue does not operate against him with the same force as against previous Presidents." In a leading Republican paper, the New York *Herald Tribune*, a correspondent at the Presidential headquarters declares that "the psychological effect of the President's coming into the Black Hills has been such as to surprize veteran political managers." Reference

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is made to a Presidential poll of the South Dakota Legislature without regard to party lines which gave Coolidge more votes than all the other candidates together. The same correspondent, commenting on the President's apparent strength in the West, says that:

"Even before he has said whether he intends to run next year, emissaries from such important States of the West as Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana have already assured him of the support of their States in the Electoral College as well as in the nominating convention, and United States Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, has declared that the West is solidly behind him."

"The President has gained political advantage, whether he sought it or not, by the increased interest which his presence has awakened in his attitude upon farm legislation," writes ex-Governor Henry J. Allen of Kansas in his Wichita *Beacon* (Rep.), further explaining that the Western farmers have discovered that, tho the President disapproved of one particular farm-relief measure, he is far from being an enemy of agriculture. Among the replies to a telegraphic poll of leading papers in the farm belt, the Minneapolis *Journal* (Rep.) wires that the Northwestern farmers no longer consider the McNary-Haugen project "a piece of legislative wizardry." Montana farmers, in the opinion of the editor of the Billings *Gazette* (Rep.), are not greatly perturbed over the veto of the McNary-Haugen bill and hold Mr. Coolidge in high regard. William Allen White of the Emporia *Gazette* (Rep.) can discover no Western opposition to Coolidge. He telegraphs:

"Three months ago it was evident that in the Missouri Valley, and indeed in the Mississippi Valley west of Ohio, President Coolidge would have no serious opposition as the Republican candidate next year. He has come West into what might be called the westest part of the West, donned chaps, a ten-gallon hat, fished for trout, gone to a rodeo, talked to farmers, conferred with cattlemen, and yet there seems to be no change in the attitude of the Western people. They are still for Coolidge. They would be for Coolidge if he had gone to Florida or Bangor, Maine, for his vacation. Coolidge represents something definite in the American heart. If a blacksmith with a can-opener could climb Bartholdi's statue, he would find, if he had cut into the heart of the Goddess of Liberty, these words graven on her heart: 'Let's get the car paid for.' Coolidge has poured into a pair of pin-striped trousers and a cutaway coat the incarnation of this noble sentiment. And that's why you can't beat Coolidge."

Speaking for Democrats, the El Paso *Times* remarks that they "have hoped and trusted that Mr. Coolidge, by his attitude toward the farmers, had got himself in to a hole and pulled the hole in after him," but—

"It is beginning to be apparent that there was more to Mr. Coolidge's choice of South Dakota as a vacation spot than mere vacationing.

"Those Democrats who have hoped that Mr. Coolidge had forgotten how to play politics are due for a surprize."

But not all political observers take the Coolidgian winning of the West so seriously. "Personal proximity brings a flattering personal response, but that does not go hand in hand necessarily with a political flopover," writes Richard V. Oulahan, Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*. This political writer hears that editors in the corn and wheat belts who told Mr. Coolidge at his mountain retreat "that the farmers were undergoing a change of sentiment toward the McNary-Haugen bill are being contradicted by fellow editors and irritated Republican insurgents." In South Dakota, the Webster *Journal* (Rep.) protests loudly against the "bootlickers" and "hush-hush boys" who are telling the President that everything is lovely in the land:

"When Coolidge came to South Dakota, the only reason given was that he desired to study some plan for the relief of agriculture. He didn't say he came to win the nomination. He wanted a summer vacation in the West, where thousands of banks have failed and where hundreds of thousands of farmers have lost their homes through mortgage foreclosures, so that he might learn from these disasters why it happened and how to prevent its occurring again.

"Farm relief had a strenuous time before it passed Congress. It looks as tho it will never be given a hearing by the President if the hush-hush, stand-pat, yes-yes boys have their way."

Similarly, we are reminded by the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* (Rep.) where the Northwestern farmers last week held a conference:

"The song it has sung has a different tune and different words from that which has been heard at Rapid City.

"This conference has made it perfectly plain that the leaders of Agriculture, with the massed force of the farming population behind them, do not have the slightest intention of quitting the valiant fight which they have made throughout the past four years. Republicans and Democrats alike have demonstrated that they place the cause of 'equality for agriculture' first, and politics second."

"Outside of Senator Norbeck and the Sioux Indians, Mr. Coolidge doesn't seem to have had much luck so far in taming the wild untrammeled spirits of the West," as the Duluth *News-Tribune* (Rep.) sees it. The cheerful faith of Eastern Republicans "that the visit of Coolidge had swung everybody to his side for a third term and more and better vetoes, and that the West was therefore composed of mutton-heads, now," wires the Des Moines *Register* (Ind.) "has to digest the resolutions of the Northwestern Agricultural Conference" in favor of the McNary-Haugen idea. In other words, "contrary to sweet illusion, the farm West is still in the trenches." Such statements from the farm belt convinces a Republican paper like the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* that "President Coolidge will win many friends in South Dakota, but he will not win many votes unless his apparent good-will is translated into something specific next winter." Only an undue optimism, reflects the Democratic Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "will discount the strength of agrarian opinion on the basis of pronouncements at the summer White House."

A few people, "influenced by feelings of neighborliness and local pride will be more inclined to vote for Mr. Coolidge than they would have been if he had chosen some other place for his vacation," but the Grand Forks *Herald* (Rep.) in North Dakota discovers "no reason to suppose that the number of persons so affected will be great enough to have any appreciable influence on primary or general election campaign." The Kansas City *Star's* guess is that "the President's visit in the West will have little direct political effect." This widely circulated independent daily telegraphs that if the election were held immediately, with Mr. Coolidge as a candidate, "he would show the same strength in this section, except in a few unimportant spots, that he showed in 1924." But *The Star* is of the opinion that:

"The visit may well have important indirect effects that will develop in the next session of Congress. The President is talking with representative Western men. As a result of these talks he will have a clearer and more vivid idea of the farm problems than he has had. His visitors in turn will find him sympathetic and anxious to adopt any reasonable plan that might help the farm situation. Out of these contacts may fairly be expected a better understanding between Mr. Coolidge and the farm belt that may prove advantageous to both sides."

"Economic determinism will eventually settle things," opines the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), and the Cincinnati *Enquirer* (Ind.) enlarges on the same thought as follows:

"If a guess might be hazarded, one can learn more of the political condition of the farm belt by a careful study of the economic condition in three months from now than by following the day-to-day doings of the President or by following the antics of his critics. If the rural economic barometer shows favorable to the farmers in the next few months, the President may have a relatively easy time in getting all the delegates he wants next year. If the economic signs are wrong, one would not venture much of a prediction, except that trouble may be in sight"

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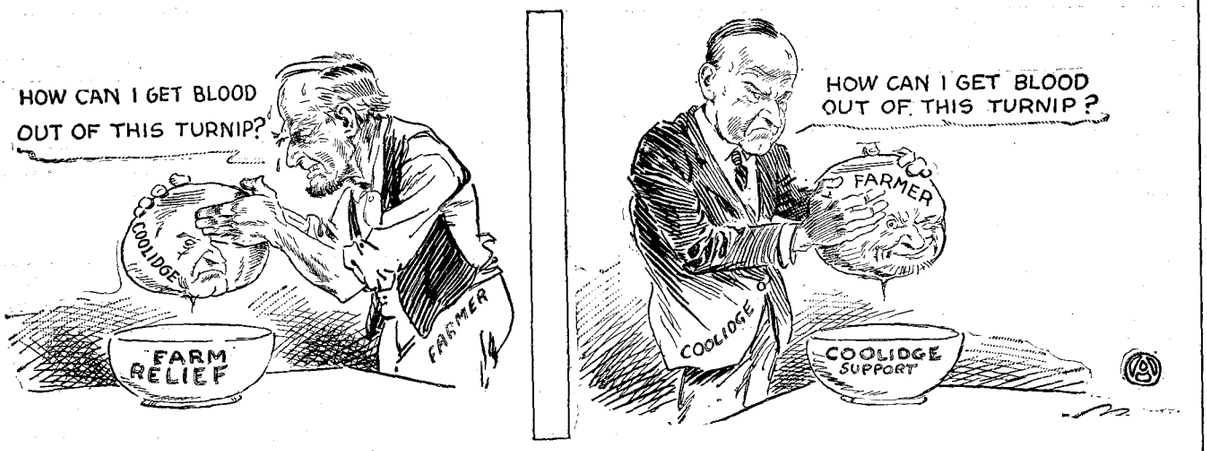

IF THE FARMER CAN NOT DO IT, CAN THE PRESIDENT?
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

WON
—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

AN APPARITION OF THE BLACK HILLS
—Kirby in the New York *World*.

HE'S GETTING THE KNACK OF IT
—Thomas in the Detroit *News*.

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BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES
—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "THE WINNING OF THE WEST" BY CALVIN COOLIDGE

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THE FORD "RETRACTOR"

HENRY FORD'S ABJECT APOLOGY for the publication of "Jew-baiting" articles during the last seven years in his weekly magazine, *The Dearborn Independent*, our Jewish press hails almost unanimously as courageous and manful. "The truth has conquered," exclaims *The Jewish Daily Forward* of Detroit, in an editorial syndicated through a country-wide chain of Jewish newspapers, which continues: "Ford admits frankly before the entire world that he sinned against the Jewish race, and now openly asks forgiveness. More than that we can not expect." The peak of approval by the vast majority of the press at large may be seen in the Des Moines *Register*, which says: "the retraction, thanks to Ford's remarkable position before the world, is more sensational than the attacks. It takes size to do a grand thing in a grand way."

"Amende Honorable" is one of the most frequent captions used for press editorials. Among others are "A Gain for Tolerance" (Philadelphia *Record*), "A Creditable Recantation" (Charleston *News and Courier*), "Henry Ford Can Change" (Manchester *Union*), "Henry Ford Sets Himself Right" (Indianapolis *Star*), "Henry Ford Owns Up" (Omaha *Bee*), "A Needed Repudiation" (South Bend *Tribune*), "Mr. Ford in Reverse" (St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*), "Israel Wins" (Indianapolis *News*).

Mr. Ford's six-hundred-word confession and apology was front-page news in all the principal daily papers in this country, and an amazing amount of editorial space has been given to comment on it. In what contributors to F. P. A.'s column in the New York *World* cleverly call "the Ford retractor," Mr. Ford declares that henceforth "*The Dearborn Independent* will be conducted under such auspices that articles reflecting upon the Jews will never again appear in its columns." He explains that in the multitude of his activities it was impossible for him to devote personal attention to the publication whose conduct and policy he delegated to men upon whom he relied implicitly. Learning that Jews have come to regard him as a promoter of anti-Semitism and their enemy, he has been making a personal survey of the resented articles, and says:

"I am deeply mortified that this journal, which is intended to be constructive and not destructive, has been made the medium for resurrecting exploded fictions, for giving currency to the so-called Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion, which have been demonstrated, as I learn, to be gross forgeries, and for contending that the Jews have been engaged in a conspiracy to control the capital and the industries of the world, besides laying at their door many offenses against decency, public order, and good morals.

"Had I appreciated even the general nature, to say nothing of the details of these utterances, I would have forbidden their circulation without a moment's hesitation."

It is wrong to judge people of any race, creed or nationality by a few black sheep found in every flock, he asserts, and therefore he joins in "condemning all wholesale denunciations and attacks." His plea for forgiveness continues:

"I deem it to be my duty as an honorable man to make amends for the wrong done to the Jews as fellow men and brothers by asking their forgiveness for the harm I have unintentionally committed, by retracting so far as lies within my power the offensive charges laid at their door by these publications, and by giving them the unqualified assurance that henceforth they may look to me for friendship and good-will."

Mr. Ford's repudiation of anti-Semitism is such news to the press throughout the world that its effect will spread much farther than the foolish attacks which appeared in his own limited publications, the Grand Rapids *Press* points out. "If one of the richest men in the world can't get away with an anti-Semitic movement in this country, nobody else will have the nerve to try it," says the New York *Telegram*, "and for that we can all be thankful, Gentiles as well as Jews." "Mr. Ford is noted for doing unusual and startling things," notes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "but he has never done anything comparable to this dramatic conscience clearing."

The kind of approval exprest in scores of editorials is fairly represented by the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times* in saying "every one else (save Ford) has known about the articles and the effect of them":

"Not alone Jews have been resentful. They have offended against a cardinal principle of Americanism. But there will be common satisfaction in Mr. Ford's confession of error, and in his promise to sin no more against a great body of American citizens whose worthy contributions to the national welfare are known of all and to which he now testifies."

Among representative Jewish journals, *The American Hebrew*, New York, says editorially that any man who writes such words as those contained in Mr. Ford's confession and retraction "must be accepted as a true repentant; it breathes honesty and

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated.

1. What historic feat made Commander Byrd famous before his Paris flight? (p. 34).
2. Give the name of the family that has 1,304,300 members in the U. S. (p. 48).
3. Where is there an area of the earth's surface larger than the United States still unexplored? (p. 36).
4. What did Vice-President O'Higgins, of the Irish Free State, say as he lay dying on July 10, the victim of an assassin's bullet? (p. 10).
5. What large project is Commander Byrd planning to undertake next? (p. 36).
6. How many July Fourths have been required to bring accidental deaths from fireworks up to the total of Revolutionary War fatalities? (p. 12).
7. What is being done by a New York organization to promote safety in the air? (p. 11).
8. How many Army and Navy aviators were killed in the first six months of this year? (p. 11).
9. Is the American Rhodes scholar a failure? (p. 23).
10. What is an inductor compass? (p. 19).
11. What would Mussolini be to-day if it were not for Lenin and Trotzky? (p. 17).
12. Who are the Communist Russian leaders said to be opposed to the Soviet Government? (p. 14).
13. What great aeronautical lesson did the war teach? (p. 18).
14. What is called "The Gilded Age" in our civilization? (p. 23).
15. In what Asiatic country are tenant farmers crusht under heavy rents? (p. 16).
16. How large a part of the driving public are unfit to run a car? (p. 20).
17. What is meant by the "plague of strong men"? (p. 17).
18. Who is Chaplin's equal as a film actor, tho in tragic rôles? (p. 22).
19. Why is Satan usually represented as long and lean? (p. 21).
20. What was John Drew's "last part"? (p. 25).
21. Name six kinds of extremists in present-day politics. (p. 17).
22. What eminent Englishmen were the sources of inspiration of India's National Congress? (p. 16).
23. Who is Chairman of Labor and Defense in Soviet Russia? (p. 14).
24. What is the name of Soviet Russia's Central Organ of Defense? (p. 14).
25. What United States Senator thinks President Coolidge "will have to do more than wear a ten-gallon hat, kiss babies, and catch trout" to be reelected? (p. 5).

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sincerity no matter how the cynic may rationalize the motives behind the document. We forgive and will seek to forget."

At the same time *The American Hebrew* publishes an article by E. G. Pipp, a Detroit editor, and the first editor of *The Dearborn Independent*, who says that he resigned rather than take Mr. Ford's orders to publish anti-Jewish articles which appeared later under his successor.

The editor of *The Jewish Tribune*, New York, expresses "profound satisfaction" over Mr. Ford's apology for the terrible mistake he had made, but suggests further atonement:

"As the world's richest man, Henry Ford has the unique opportunity of making an *amende honorable* to the Jewish people by sponsoring a world-wide campaign of education against national chauvinism, religious bigotry, and racial antagonism."

Wide currency has been given to these words of Julius Rosenwald, the Chicago philanthropist:

"It is never too late to make amends, and I congratulate Mr. Ford that he has at last seen the light. He will find that the spirit of forgiveness is not entirely a Christian virtue."

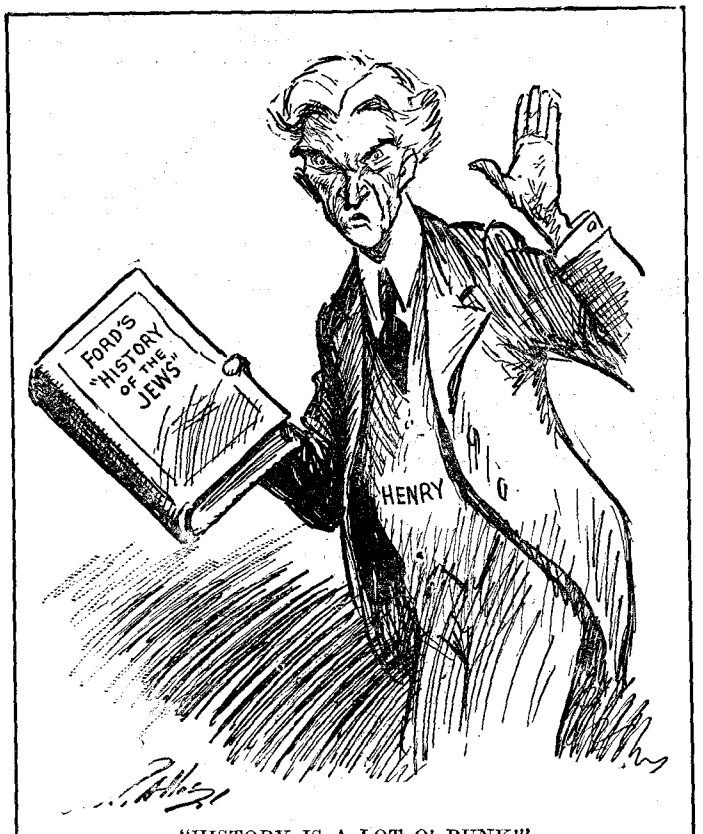
One of the comparatively few utterly severe critics is the Chicago *Tribune*, which holds Mr. Ford to strict accountability for "his own medium of expression and promotion." *The Dearborn Independent* "existed for him and because of him; he was its authority and pay-roll." Whereupon *The Tribune* avers:

"There are few things so remorseless as a certain type of good and wealthy man taking to cover from the consequences of error either realized or feared for the future. Mr. Ford advances an empty head to explain his cold feet, and the only plausibility is contained in the fact that it took him until advanced years to discover that Benedict Arnold was not a modern writer, and that the Revolution was not fought in 1812."

Ford's plea "will be laughed at all over the United States," in the opinion of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, which concludes:

"If he had felt it necessary, for more or less obvious business reasons growing out of recent developments, to recant and retract and apologize, he would have occupied a far more dignified position if he had merely recanted and retracted and apologized. In denying knowledge of the anti-Semitic policy of his magazine and in disavowing any understanding of its effect on the Jewish people, he has set himself up as a target for further ridicule."

Curiosity concerning how Mr. Ford's retraction came to be made has produced many news column stories, some connected with intimations of settlement of two suits for libel pending against him by Aaron Shapiro, a Jewish organizer of farm co-operatives, and Herman Bernstein, a Jewish journalist; others from financial quarters suggesting pressure of competition from

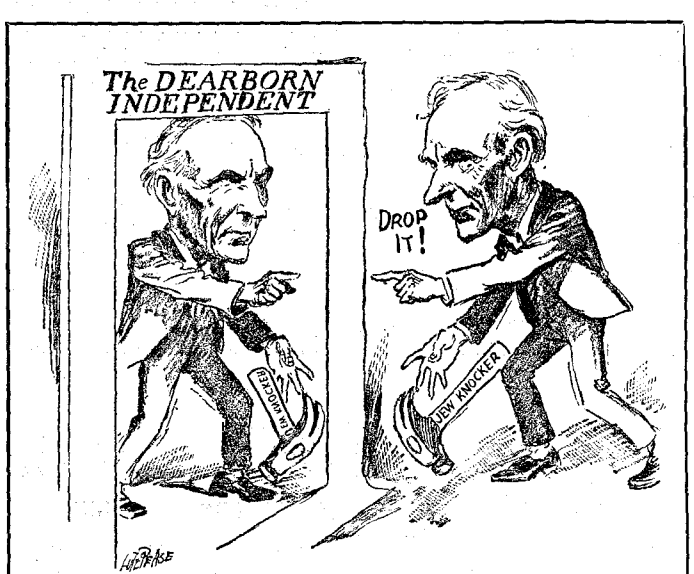


"HISTORY IS A LOT O' BUNK!"

—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*.

powerful rival automobile making and selling organizations. J. A. Palma, head of the New York field force of the United States Secret Service, who went to see Ford to secure correction of an inaccurate article in which the service was interested, says that Ford took the occasion to say of the anti-Jewish articles that he "wished this thing could be stopt and the wrong righted." Palma volunteered to help, and Ford said: "Go to it." The outcome was the letter of apology sent in duplicate to Louis Marshall, head of the American Jewish Committee, and to Arthur Brisbane for publication.

Washington correspondents, too, got very busy on stories of the possible rebuzzing of the Presidential bee in Ford's bonnet. Having given his retraction to Arthur Brisbane, of the Hearst newspapers, for publicity through all news agencies, the correspondent of the New York *World* scented a Hearst "dry" boom for Ford, reminding the public of Hearst's opposition to Al Smith and the featuring of Anti-Saloon League criticism of Coolidge in the Hearst press. The New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent found political Washington wondering whether the "Presidential rash undoubtedly affecting Ford" back in 1923-24, had broken out again, but reported that the wiser heads conclude that "the probable motive is found in business affairs." The Chicago *Journal of Commerce* man wired that, despite all business logic as explaining the recantation, "many astute gentlemen in Washington" believe "the real motive is to be found in a renewal of hope," at a time when both Democrats and Republicans are ready to concede that "nothing is apt to stop Coolidge." According to the Washington *Post*, however, "the premise that Ford aspires to the Presidency can be attributed only to the dearth of actual news," and "the conclusion that the Democrats would take his candidacy seriously is the most unkind thrust that has yet been directed at that much-maligned party." An interview by the International News Service circulated just prior to the news of the apology quotes Mr. Ford as saying that Coolidge has made a good President, he favors giving the President a third term, thinks "he'll probably get it anyway." As to personal political ambitions, Ford declared he had none, and never has had.



MR. FORD'S SHOCKING DISCOVERY

—Pease in the Newark *News*.

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MORE BLOOD ON ERIN'S SHIELD

IRELAND'S PATH TO FREEDOM is again marred by assassination. This time it is the Free State Government's "strong man," Kevin O'Higgins, Vice-President and Minister of Justice and Foreign Affairs, whose life is taken. Shot several times by three armed men equipped with revolvers and a fast automobile on July 10, while on his way to church, he died within a few hours with words of forgiveness for his enemies on his lips. What the political effect upon the country will be is yet to be determined, but, declares President Cosgrave: "The assassin's bullet will not succeed in terrorizing the Free State; there are men who will gladly step into his place." In the opinion of *The Irish Times*, of Dublin, the crime will rally the entire nation to the Government's support, and inspire all parties with a new sense of responsibility. "Whatever the motive for the shooting," cables the Dublin correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "it is clear that it did not represent an attack on the Free State," but according to President Cosgrave, this crime "is the fruit of a steady, persistent attack against the Government." However, he adds: "It will fail in its object. We will meet this form of terrorism as we have met other forms of terrorism." And in the New York *Times* we read:

"That the brutal killing of Mr. O'Higgins sprang from partizan hatreds, there can be little doubt. The assassins did not bear themselves like men cherishing a private grudge. It is taken for granted by all Irishmen, and is explicitly asserted by the Government of the Irish Free State, that the atrocious murder was intended as an act of intimidation. Extreme Republicans in Ireland hasten to disavow it, and to protest that while they have been and remain at deadly enmity with the Government, they have not countenanced or desired violence. But it is always easy for the wild fringe of an Irish party to translate the whirling words of their leaders into bloody deeds.

"It will be said that political crimes are not unknown in other countries. Free America has seen three Presidents of the United States shot to death. But there is a difference between individual acts of men who had very nearly if not quite lost their reason and the planned assassination of a man like Vice-President O'Higgins by a band of desperate conspirators who somehow believed that they and their friends would get a party advantage out of it."

International Newsreel photograph

"I DIE AS I HAVE LIVED"—

"For Ireland," said Vice-President Kevin O'Higgins, of the Irish Free State, who was shot down by assassins on July 10. "I die at peace with my enemies and with my God. I forgive them all."

"The murder of the Irish Vice-President may be an isolated instance, or it may be the first in a series of reprisals. It may mark a crucial period in Ireland's progress," observes the Springfield *Union*. "But the Free State will carry on," believes the Syracuse *Post-Standard*. "The Irish Free State already has survived several assassinations," we are reminded by the Jersey City *Journal*, and the New York *Telegraph* agrees that, "if anything, this attack on Mr. O'Higgins will have a tendency to strengthen the sentiment in favor of the Cosgrave Government."

Vice-President O'Higgins was only thirty-five. His grandfather was one of the prominent supporters and one of the historians of the Home Rule movement, according to the New York *Evening World*. His uncle is now Governor-General of the Free State. His father was assassinated four years ago. Only last May, say Dublin dispatches, when a bomb was hurled at Vice-President O'Higgins, General Daly caught the missile in his hand and pinched out the fuse. Says the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

"Not so broad a man as Michael Collins, who also was assassinated, Kevin O'Higgins was a stronger character. His work as Minister of Justice was charged with having sacrificed seventy-seven political opponents on the altar of Order. That it broke the back of the De Valera armed resistance is conceded. And fairness is compelled to concede that those who were executed were, in the name of civil war, looting banks, breaking into private houses, killing unarmed citizens. Was there any other way of stopping the business? O'Higgins thought not. He said in a campaign speech at Monaghan this year: 'We'll execute seventy-seven more if necessary.'"

"Vice-President O'Higgins," notes the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "was a stern, hard man in dealing with disorder, but he saved the Free State in the Four Courts rising in 1922." "He was the most important figure in the Administration," declares the neighboring *Record*. *The Inquirer* is convinced that "whoever succeeds him will take his life in his hands." As Dr. Denis A. McCarthy writes in the Boston *Herald:*

"In an atmosphere of intense political bitterness such as was engendered by the recent elections, there may always and in every country be found irresponsible men who, seeking the nearest way to a desired end, are moved without much hesitation to a deed of violence and bloodshed.

"It was men of this type, I have no doubt, who planned and carried out the dreadful crime of last Sunday in Dublin. Irishmen in name, these murderers were no more representative of the real Ireland than the men who murdered Lincoln were representative of the real America. Were they anything but tyros in human affairs, they would have known that no cause, be it ever so righteous, is advanced one particle by assassination.

"Good may come of this crime, terrible as it is, if the horror of it serves to shock all parties in Ireland, and sympathizers in America of such parties, into a realization of the folly and wickedness of unbridled attacks upon one another. It is by listening to and reading such attacks that impulsive and desperate men are moved to deeds from which those who speak wildly or write wildly would themselves shrink in horror."

"The Irish Free State is warned by the assassination of Vice-President O'Higgins that her duty is to destroy the nest of frenzied conspirators whose bloody deeds are aimed at her new State sovereignty and are injuring her national repute," notes the Syracuse *Herald*, while in the New York *World* we read:

"Republican leaders in Ireland make haste to disavow any sympathy for the brutal murder of Kevin O'Higgins, and there can be no doubt of their sincerity. Assassination as a party weapon always recoils upon the users. O'Higgins—one of the first brilliant graduates of the National University, a Sinn Fein patriot, a firm adherent to the treaty—was probably the victim of animosities aroused when, as Home Minister, he was Mr. Cosgrave's right arm in suppressing sedition. Those who shot him down were thinking of the hatreds of the past, not the policies of the future.

"To liquidate these hatreds would be less difficult if the overwhelming majority of Irishmen accepted the treaty with Great Britain. The majority exists—but it is not quite overwhelming. Three times within three years the voters have declared by roughly 2 to 1 for the treaty and the Constitution. To-day we have the spectacle of Mr. Cosgrave carrying on at the head of a party with 46 votes in the Dail, while De Valera heads the Fianna Fail with 44 outside, refusing to participate in Parliament. In other words, a party representing not far from one-third the voters is in a position of complete irresponsibility and complete opposition.

"The Dublin murder is another evidence that Ireland still has to achieve a real political and moral unity."

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TO MAKE FLYING SAFER

THE DEATHS OF FORTY-TWO AVIATORS—25 Army and 17 Navy—in the first six months of this year, would result in an official investigation if Congress were in session at the present time, in the opinion of one of Washington's best-known correspondents. Ten deaths in the naval aviation establishment in twelve days, all within 200 miles of Washington; four deaths in one day in the Army Air Corps; and, more recently, two deaths in the New York National Guard air unit, when an obsolete training plane crashed to earth—these fatalities, we read in a Consolidated Press dispatch from the capital, are reviving the reports that for the last three years economies enforced in the aviation services have brought the general run of equipment "to a state of decrepitude dangerous to the life of the personnel." The charge that flyers have been compelled to go aloft in antiquated planes, declares this correspondent, "is one that will demand public attention, now that so many aviators have been killed."

Many editors, on the other hand, take the position that the air has not yet been made absolutely safe for travel, "even for the best and newest airplanes and the most competent flyers," as the Providence *Journal* puts it. Certainly, avers the Newark *News*, "we shall be a sorry and decadent race when we falter in the forward pace because some are left along the path of progress." And in Orville Wright's "home town" we find the Dayton *Journal* saying:

"Aviation is relatively safe to-day. It can be made as safe as anything mechanical that moves in the future. When one can find steamships that will not sink, automobiles that will not run off the road, and railroad trains that will not collide or break down bridges, one will find airplanes that will not fall. Better motive power, better engineering and designing, and better means for dealing with the weather are about all aviation needs to-day to make it safe. These things will come."

"MEN OF CAPTAIN WHEELER'S TYPE"

"Can not be spared," writes a subscriber to the New York *Herald Tribune*, on reading of the accidental death of this World War veteran and his pilot, Lieutenant Sack, in a New York National Guard airplane crash. His father, Dr. Edward J. Wheeler, was Editor of THE LITERARY DIGEST from 1895 to 1905. Captain Wheeler, who was a former member of our editorial staff, was 36 years old and the winner of the Distinguished Service Cross and other decorations for gallant service in France in the war.

In a statement specifically defending naval aviation, Admiral Moffett, chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, says:

"The recent naval aviation disasters, while most regrettable, should not be considered without first making a study of the history of aviation accidents for the preceding months. During the twelve months ended March 26, 1927, over 20,000,000 passenger miles were flown by naval planes, during which time there were nineteen deaths, or a death for every million miles traveled by the average aviator.

"The unfortunate deaths which have occurred during the last few weeks are not a fair criterion of either the safety of the airplane or the efficiency of the personnel operating them, but rather must be laid to the vagaries of fortune.

"The scouting fleet alone has just completed a cruise during which over 750,000 passenger miles were flown, and during which there was neither death nor serious injury to the personnel."

"This is an impressive showing," admits the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, from its vantage point near Langley Field, "but unfortunately the record does not stop with March." In fact—

"A total of 16 officers and men of the naval air service have lost their lives in crashes since April 1, or nearly as many as were killed during the whole preceding year. Has the naval air service begun to go backward?

"Admiral Moffett attributes the recent succession of fatal crashes to the vagaries of fortune. It is to be assumed that this explanation is correct until proved to be otherwise. But it would be unfortunate to allow such an explanation to stand as a final disposition of the matter. The issue is too important to be dismissed."

"Certainly," remarks the Manchester *Union*, "there must be plenty of official authority to junk planes that are no longer fit for service. It is much better to have some of our flyers idle than to see them needlessly sacrificed." "For more than two years," recalls the Milwaukee *Journal*, "it has been said that our aviators were risking their lives in planes that ought not be flown." Says the New York *Times* of the accident in which Capt. Curtis Wheeler and Lieutenant Sack were killed:

"The lamentable death of two officers in an airplane accident at the National Guard camp at Pine Plains will recall the charge made by General Mitchell, in his sensational campaign a couple of years ago, that the Army sent up air men in 'flying coffins.' The two were killed in the crash of a biplane of a type which the Army authorities now regard as obsolete and which they are proposing entirely to abandon. Tho an old pattern, it had been, according to official reports, wholly rebuilt in 1925, and had recently undergone a thorough inspection and had been pronounced entirely safe.

"What will, nevertheless, create a bad impression and arouse suspicion is the contemporaneous announcement of the War Department that it is to scrap all planes of this model by September 1. People will ask why they were not already scrapped."

What the Helena *Independent* considers "a step in the right direction" toward safety in the air has been taken by the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, of New York City. To quote the Chicago *Journal of Commerce:*

"As a direct incentive for the designing of safe aircraft, the Guggenheim Fund offers prizes of $150,000 for competitors. The first prize, $100,000, will be awarded to the airplane which shall win the highest number of points in a series of tests. The remaining $50,000 will be distributed in the form of five prizes of $10,000 each to the first five airplanes, in order of entry, which succeed in passing the minimum requirements of the series of tests.

"The chairman of the committee of judges will be Orville Wright. It is fitting that Mr. Wright, who with his brother showed the world that aviation is practicable, should head the list of judges in a competition intended to result in the lessening of the greatest obstacle to the healthy development of civil aviation. Danger is that obstacle. The American public has an exaggerated view of the danger in flying, for the reason that aviation accidents are more spectacular than other accidents, and consequently attract more attention. But there is no denying that aviation accidents are numerous. The Guggenheim Fund is right in employing its greatest strength to lessen the danger in aviation."

"This is perhaps the most practical way to advance aviation," thinks the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and the Columbus *Dispatch* agrees that "in its promise of lasting benefit to commercial flying, this prize offer far outranks any competition that has been proposed and carried out since the first airplane left the ground."

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THE FOURTH NOT SO "SAFE AND SANE"

A MOVEMENT TO ABOLISH the Fourth of July will be in order, thinks the Winston-Salem *Journal*, if the death toll from various kinds of accidents keeps increasing. According to United Press reports from all sections of the country, 275 fatalities, most of them due to automobile accidents and not to fireworks, occurred in the nation's celebration of the one hundred and fifty-first anniversary of its independence, and at the time of the report additional persons were expected to die of their injuries. "We are making real headway in cutting down the list of accidents due to fireworks," believes the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "but the toll from automobile accidents, drownings, grade-crossing accidents, and accidental shootings seems to be increasing." It appears to many editors, following the recent holiday's fatalities, that a "safe and sane" campaign must be started all over again, on different lines. In Wisconsin, reports the Milwaukee *Journal*, "fifteen years of effort toward a sane and reasonably safe Fourth went to smash this year. Few were sane, and no one was safe."

Over 270 Lives Are Lost in Celebrating Fourth Over Week-End
Fireworks' Toll Augmented by Traffic, Drownings, Airplane and Parachute Mishaps; Cannon Kills Soldier
25 Children Injured by Rocket Sets Off
Majority of Deaths Due to Auto Accide
Drownings and Explosives
Hundreds
SANEST, SAFEST OF ANY FOURTH
Recklessness of American People Blamed for 278 July 4th Deaths
Safety Council Director Declares "Accidents Don't Just Happen"
arades, Oratory, Free Ice Cream for
Youngsters and
HOLIDAY ACCIDENTS KILL THIRTY HERE
Fireworks Cause Only
Death as Autos

FOURTH-OF-JULY—THE "MORNING AFTER"

These clippings from New York, Boston, Washington, and Des Moines dailies indicate that in the majority of cities the Fourth was not so "safe and sane," after all. More than 4,500 persons have been killed and 100,000 injured in Fourth of July fireworks accidents over a period of thirty-two years, according to the National Museum of Safety. Estimates based on government figures put the American casualties during the Revolutionary War at 4,044 killed and 6,004 wounded.

Of course, admits the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, "it is too late to save the eyes of those who were blinded by fireworks, the skins of those who were burned, and the buildings that went up in smoke on the Fourth, but the lesson of the wild and insane celebration just passed should not be forgotten another year." That, we might add, is the burden of most editorials, altho such cities as Birmingham, Boston, Utica, Little Rock, and Detroit seem to have been exceptions to the general rule, in that few accidents, none serious, were reported. "In the country at large," believes the Providence *Journal*, "conditions are much better than they were twenty years ago, on account of the persistent campaign for safety, but there is still room for considerable improvement."

In 1926, we are reminded by the New Haven *Register*, 161 persons were killed by fireworks in the United States, and 2,205 injured. According to the National Museum of Safety, over 4,500 persons have been killed in the last thirty-two years in fireworks accidents—more than the total list of killed in the Revolutionary War. As the New York *Herald Tribune* explains:

"For years the American Medical Association conducted a powerful nation-wide propaganda against the 'old-fashioned' Fourth, with such excellent results that from a high point of about 200 killed and 5,000 injured in such years as 1907 and 1908, the figures fell to less than fifty killed, and less than a thousand injured in 1912. We are speaking now, of course, of casualties from the use of explosives. There were automobile accidents then, too, and drownings, but in nothing like the same volume, thanks to the comparative lack of cars, and, therefore, of the excursions that result both in traffic accidents and drownings. In the meantime the more important municipalities had been passing ordinances forbidding the sale of those things that we lump under the term 'fireworks,' and, with this object gained, the American Medical Association discontinued its crusade. It has been echoed since by other agencies, but more sporadically and on a smaller scale, and, as always happens when moral pressure slackens and the community begins to lean on the law, the tendency has grown to resume old habits. Already in this city alone the local hospitals have reported the treatment of 300 persons for injuries from fireworks, and the Fire Commissioner has recorded 328 fire alarms, half of them due to fires from the same cause.

"What we need, then, is resumption of the pressure for a safe and sane Fourth in the old degree, with a side line of special caution against the exuberance that leads to reckless driving, canoeing, and swimming. The lesson to be inculcated should be one of self-control in all our activities. The god of patriotism does not demand human sacrifice on this day."

At present, declares the Oshkosh *Northwestern*, "the hazard of motoring, particularly on a holiday, is one of the greatest problems in the country." Continues this Wisconsin daily:

"Newspapers, harping repeatedly for a rule of reason in celebrating the Fourth, have done much to cut down the casualties due to firecrackers and other dangerous explosives.

"But there is a growing peril over the Fourth of July, and on any important holiday in the height of the motoring season. That peril is the motor-car and the driver thereof. The Fourth this year showed a marked decline in the total number of deaths and injuries to be traced directly to fireworks. But as the fireworks casualties decreased, the motoring accidents increased.

"With the widespread use of the automobile, and a double holiday in which to drive over the highways, the week-end list of motoring accidents was startling. It is evident that the campaign to make automobiling safer and saner must be continued with renewed zeal."

"There was a time," recalls the Philadelphia *Record*, "when the authorities had merely to keep order in the city; now it is necessary to extend the work of public safety along all the main traveled roads for miles around."

Incidentally, points out the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, eleven persons were killed and more than a hundred injured in motor accidents within the Philadelphia holiday motoring area. In a United Press dispatch dated July 4, we learn, however, that—

"The greatest toll was taken in the metropolitan New York area and surrounding New Jersey, where nineteen were killed in traffic accidents, seventeen were drowned, and one death was due to fireworks. The next highest toll was in Indiana, where thirty-four lives were lost. In New York State, outside of the city, twenty were killed. The death list to date follows:

New York City and New Jersey	37	Iowa	6
New York State, outside New York City	20	Chicago district	11
New England	8	Denver district	5
Pennsylvania	21	St. Louis	3
Delaware and Maryland	9	Missouri, outside St. Louis	3
Washington, D. C., and Virginia	5	Oklahoma	4
North Carolina	5	Oregon	5
Tennessee	9	Texas	3
Alabama	5	Kansas	2
Georgia	1	Nebraska	1
Florida	1	Louisiana	7
Ohio	18	California	15
Washington	6	Minnesota	8
Michigan	12	North Dakota	1
Idaho	1	South Dakota	1
Indiana	41	Nevada	1
		Total	275

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

WHEN in Rome, do as Mussolini says.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THEY ought to have a clearing-house for the weather.—*Florida Times-Union.*

THOSE who censor the modern bathing-suit have scant reason for doing so.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

LIKEWISE it is possible to marry in an inside paragraph and repent in a front-page column.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

WE Americans have many responsibilities: Next year we pick our President and one in Nicaragua.—*Detroit News.*

THE back-to-the-farm movement is sometimes exprest by a determined return for chicken dinner.—*Portland Oregonian.*

A FLIVVER can now pass through Hester Street without a special police guard.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

IF it keeps on, the parking of American airplanes will become another of Europe's troubles.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

THE British are very cordial toward any scheme of naval equality which will leave them with the biggest Navy.—*Dallas News.*

READING the motor accidents we are led to believe that this industry has the greatest turnover of any.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

IN 1950 it is likely that the careful mother will insist on parachutes when her daughter goes riding with a young man.—*Nashville Banner.*

AFTER the proposed college course in marriage the next thing, no doubt, will be a correspondents' school in divorce.—*Chicago Daily News.*

The Arkansas Gazette informs us that a machine which will match colors has been invented. Millions in it if it will also mail letters.—*Louisville Times.*

WHEN we sit down and talk with a vivacious girl it is hard for us to enjoy the conversation, on account of feeling so sorry for the cotton industry.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THE Government will lighten our burdens by making paper money smaller.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

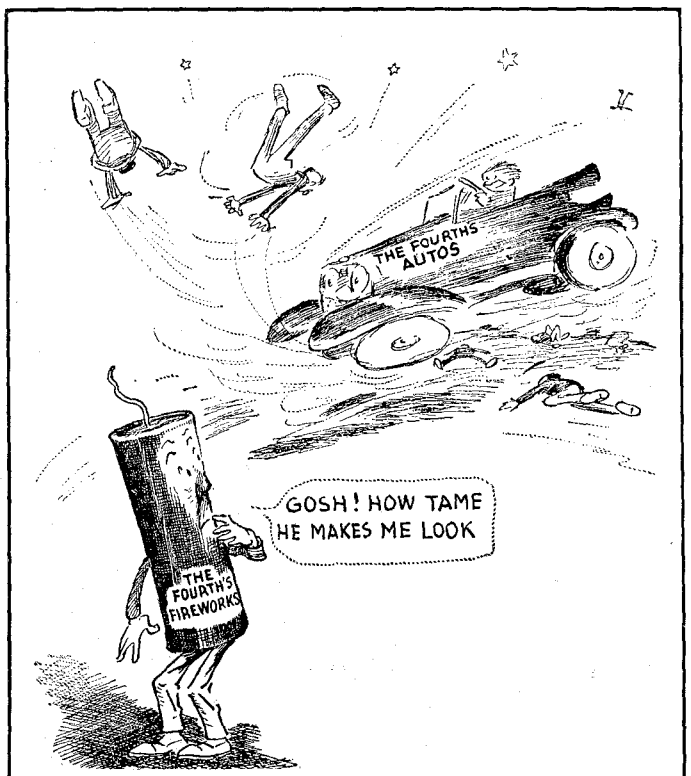
THE Chicago man who gave his bride a rented automobile for a wedding present seems to have had no illusions about the duration of marital happiness.—*Chicago Daily News.*

IF it be true that 207 Americans paid taxes on incomes of more than $1,000,000 last year, it doesn't show just how rich we are, but how many of our rich are that honest.—*Louisville Times.*

THE Department of Commerce informs us that cotton stockings are being manufactured, and then adds the wholly unnecessary information that most of them are exported.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

A STORY of modern science declares that savants have at last succeeded in turning water into wine. Bootleggers who read this yarn must have indulged themselves in a couple of winks and a grin.—*Portland Oregonian.*

RUMOR has it that a number of Governments have informed Mr. Coolidge that if he will kindly lend them the money to build up a real Navy they will be glad to confer with him later about cutting it down.—*New York Times.*



THE GREATER MENACE

—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald.*

THE motorist pays in the long run.—*Florida Times-Union.*

ADD summer vacation advice: Don't rock the plane.—*New York Evening Post.*

As we get the drift of it, if we want to limit our Navy, Great Britain is enthusiastic for it.—*Dallas News.*

HENRY FORD'S favorite Bible text now seems to be, "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem."—*Springfield Republican.*

AVIATION casualties are various. Chamberlin and Levine fell out. Byrd and his companions fell in.—*Louisville Times.*

EVERYTHING in the Mississippi Valley seems to have been damaged by the flood except the boll-weevil.—*Nashville Banner.*

EUROPE calls us dollar chasers, but those who can't borrow them must chase them.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

"THERE is always rubbish in the air," says a scientist. Yes, but you're not obliged to listen in to it.—*Punch.*

HENRY has apologized to the Jews. He owes apologies also to history, art, the cow, and the horse.—*Dallas News.*

THOSE who contend that there is more drinking under Prohibition may indicate the company they keep.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

IT is funny none of the ocean flyers has shaved en route, considering the splendid facilities for getting rid of the used blade.—*Detroit News.*

MAN'S mastery of the elements still seems to depend to a considerable extent on whether or not the elements agree to it.—*Ohio State Journal.*

EUROPE seems to be willing to let America take the lead in transatlantic flying. That's one way we get more tourists over.—*Florida Times-Union.*

THE United States is hurrying along the construction of a bombing plane with five machine-guns, in the hope that it can finish before the next disarmament conference.—*Indianapolis News.*

WORKMAN says he was promoted in the Ford plant at Detroit the other day. He now tightens up bolt A instead of bolt B on the radiator.—*Florida Times-Union.*

THE old-fashioned fellow who never thought anything of walking eighteen or twenty miles in an afternoon has a grandson who never thought of it either.—*Detroit News.*

COOK-BOOK for brides advertises itself as giving "Concrete rules for making biscuits." It should be pointed out that concrete is used in the abstract.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"LIVE dangerously from Saturday to Monday," advised the romantic Robert Louis Stevenson. How "R. L. S." would have rejoiced in the automobile era!—*Chicago Daily News.*

INTERNATIONAL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE at Stockholm has called upon the Governments of the world to reduce high tariffs, thus showing fallacy of tradition that business men have no sense of humor.—*New York Times.*

THREE New York churches are to form the ground-floors of sky-scrapers, the upper stories of which will be occupied by families acceptable to the church trustees. Only those who come in on the ground-floor will be considered to be entitled to mansions in the skies.—*Punch.*

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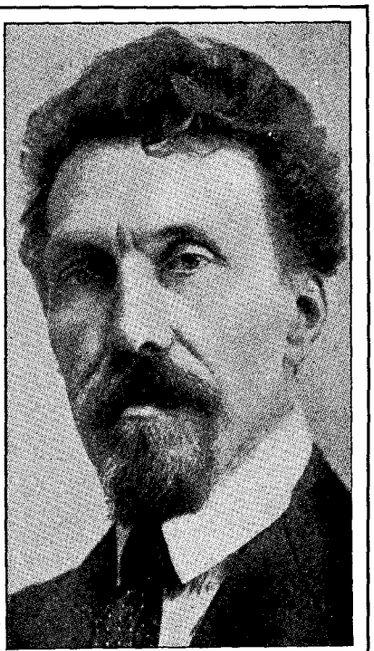
FOREIGN - COMMENT

RUSSIA'S NEW DAY OF TERROR

THE IMMINENCE OF WAR and the necessity for preparedness inspire the utterances of official Russian spokesmen, it appears from Moscow press dispatches, and chief among the prophets of terrible days to come, it seems, is President Rykoff of the Council of Commissars, who also is Chairman of Labor and Defense. As features of Russia's Second Defense Week, it appears, the newspapers launched a campaign with editorials and cartoons designed to rouse martial spirit. President Rykoff's published instructions on preparedness, we learn, declared that the Osoviackim, as the central organ of defense, must double its ranks during the week, and it was stated further that: "Whoever is not a member of the Red Army must join the ranks of the Osoviackim and be ready to rise to the defense of the Union. Every worker must know how to use a rifle, how to deal with gas attacks, and how to strengthen the defense of the country."



"PREPARE FOR WAR"

Is the warning uttered to the Russians by A. J. Rykoff, President of the Council of Commissars and also Chairman of Labor and Defense, who adds that "every worker must know how to use a rifle" and "how to deal with gas attacks."

The tidal wave of fear spreading over Russia, according to some observers, dates from the cessation of diplomatic relations between Moscow and London. No sooner did the Soviet Mission leave the English capital, it is recalled in the press, than the young Russian anti-Bolshevik, Kowerda, assassinated the Russian Minister to Poland, Peter Voikoff, in Warsaw. Reference to this tragedy has already been made in THE LITERARY DIGEST of July 2. Then also it was noted that the new reign of terror in Russia resulted in at least fifty-five known executions of political prisoners. Confusion worse confounded, moreover, was produced by the revival of the long-standing feud that had been smoldering within the Communist party, and we read that the chief Oppositionists, namely, Trotzky, Zinovieff, Kameneff, Radek, and others, issued denunciations of what they called the mistakes of Stalin's Central Committee, and among such it specified the break with Great Britain, the Bolshevik failure in China, and grave domestic economic difficulties in Russia itself.

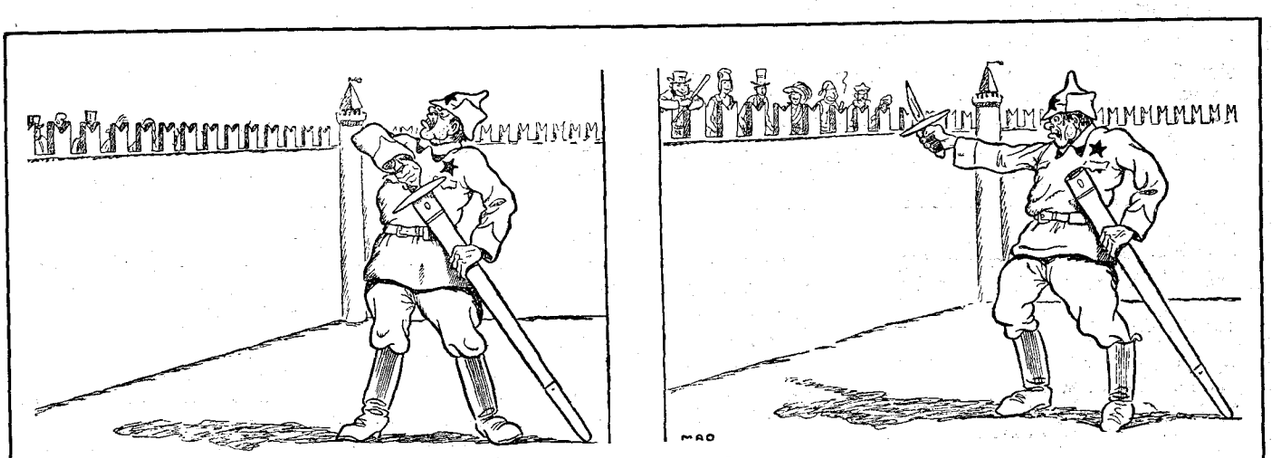
Among the Soviet press that blame England for certain terroristic acts committed against Soviet officials in Russia, is the Moscow *Pravda*, which quotes President Rykoff of the Council of Commissars as saying:

"Having brought about the rupture of Anglo-Russian relations, England created a situation favorable to such acts of violence as those that took place in Warsaw and in Leningrad. Moreover, we have irrefutable documents which prove most convincingly that Russian Monarchist organizations, outside of Russia, are supported and financed by certain foreign governments, and that they commit deeds of violence at the instigation of these governments. We can easily prove that England's Conservative Government finances the Russian Whites. It is trying to weaken by such methods the Soviet State and prevent Soviet citizens from pursuing their peaceful occupations."

Commenting editorially on this charge, the *Pravda* pours the vials of its wrath upon the "British hogs," the "Die-hard degenerates," and the "blood-soiled hold-up men from Scotland Yard," and this newspaper adds:

"The British Government is bombarding us with the poisoned arrows of intrigue, espionage and terror. In systematic, obstinate, and relentless preparation for war it resorts to the meanest and lowest methods and weapons. The British police have mobilized against us—armed, drilled, nursed, and financed with the gold squeezed out of English and Chinese laborers—all the darkest and dirtiest counter-revolutionary elements. The filthier the weapons, the more willingly degenerate British imperialism uses them against us."

Izviestia, an official organ of the Soviet Government, alleges:



FRENCH SARCASM

The Bolshevik sword is terrifying only up to the moment when it is drawn from the scabbard.

—*Le Rire* (Paris).

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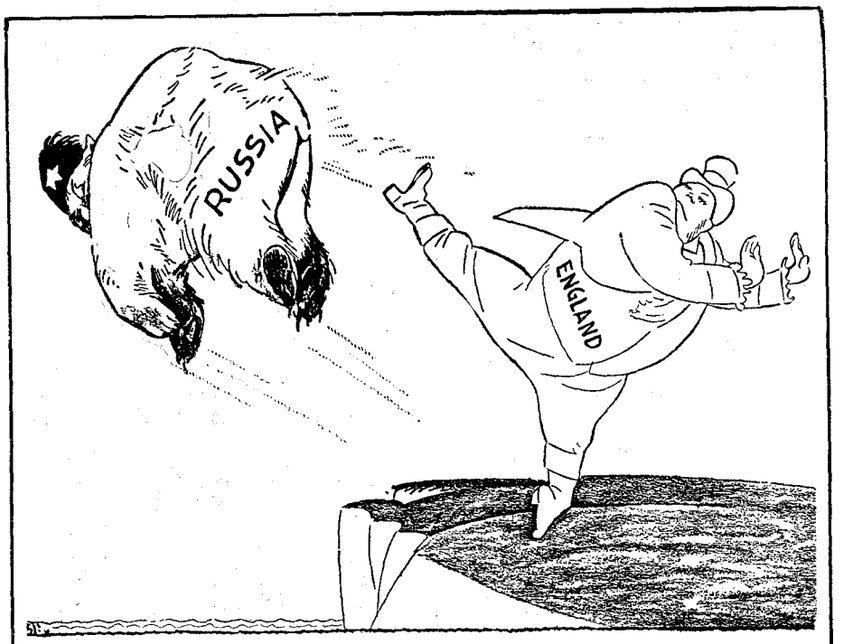
"In the summer of 1925 an individual bearing the passport of a merchant named Steinberg was wounded and arrested by our guards at the Soviet-Finnish frontier. He confessed at the examination that his real name was Sidney George Riley, that he was an agent of the British Intelligence Service and a captain in the British Air Force, and that he had participated, in 1918, in the anti-Soviet conspiracy organized by Lockart. He further declared that he came to Russia in order to organize anti-Bolshevik uprisings, and that he received instructions from Winston Churchill, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. Riley's written testimony is being preserved by the Government.

"On May 10, 1927, a group of ex-officers of Admiral Kolchak's Army was arrested in Russia. These officers, who had been brought up in the Noblemen's Orphanage at Petrograd, were all in direct contact with Mr. White, the chief of the Consular Department of the British Mission in Moscow. Following British instructions, they were organizing an explosion in the Kremlin and in the Grand Theater of Moscow, where a Communist gathering was to be held. On the night of June 3 was disclosed an attempt to blow up the building of the Secret Police in Moscow. The bomb which was found there contained four kilograms of French melinite, and was framed in a British shell. The testimonies given by the culprits make it clear that the whole attempt was directed from abroad. It is obvious, therefore, that the British Government is preparing war against Soviet Russia and is doing all it can in order to prevent the people of the U. S. S. R from pursuing their peaceful occupations."



DANISH PLEASANTRY

The Anglo-Russian ballet.

—*Berlingske Tidende* (Copenhagen).

On examination of this statement *Vozrozhdienie*, a conservative anti-Bolshevik daily in Paris, which reflects the views of Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievich, and has very little confidence or trust in Soviet Russia, has this to say:

"If the Soviet authorities intended to 'compromise' Great Britain, why did they not publish these facts immediately after the break of relations with England? Why did they wait until the assassination of Voikoff? Indeed, who will believe the 'testimony' of Riley, who was killed by the Bolsheviks in 1925? According to our information this British subject was merely shot in Moscow. His arrest at the Finnish frontier was simply invented in order to justify his assassination. Perhaps his written 'testimony,' to which the Soviets pretend to attach such high importance, were forged by them. But it is still more probable that they were extorted from Riley by violence. We have reason to believe that this was the case.

"As to the execution of twenty 'counter-revolutionists' in Moscow, it was an act of intimidation, of terror in the exact sense of this word. There was literally no connection between these victims and the assassination of Voikoff in Warsaw, or the explosion of a bomb in the Communist Club at Leningrad. All the victims had been arrested long before these terrorist acts took place. But the Soviet authorities wanted to show their strength and resolution to act, and decided to intimidate as many of their enemies as possible."

A CANADIAN JIBE

The Bolshevik's midsummer nightmare

—A. G. Racey in *The Daily Star* (Montreal)

As the liberal anti-Bolshevik *Rul* (Berlin) sees it, "one understood long before the recent crimes that secret anti-Bolshevik work was going on in various parts of Russia," and it adds:

"Some time ago the Soviet press published reports from Odessa of the execution there of a group of counter-revolutionists headed by one Kryzhanovsky, formerly an attorney under the old régime. Moreover, not a day has passed without serious railroad accidents and the firing of various factories. These accidents are so numerous that the authorities even do not appoint special commissions to investigate them. Most alarming information comes from Siberia, as well as from the Ukraine. The subversive movement is developing in these countries slowly, but surely.

"Who are the terrorists whose names are quoted in the Soviet papers? The son of a Ukrainian officer, some officers of the Kolchak Army, the son of a little teacher, Koverda, who killed Voikoff, and others. All are young men, and some of them even entered the Communist Union of Young Men and acted as members of it. All nationalities are represented among these terrorists. Does this not prove that this movement has supporters in all sections and nationalities of Russia? If so, who will believe that all this 'comes from England'?"

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WHAT HAPPENED TO THE INDIAN CONGRESS

EVIL DAYS HAVE COME upon the Indian National Congress, it seems, and certain Indian editors declare that ever since the Congress departed from the broad lines on which it was founded, it has been steadily drifting toward disintegration. But also it is believed that the Congress will be reborn in a new form, constituted of its old and tried characteristics of evolutionary progress. As originally organized, we are advised by the Bombay *Indian Social Reformer*, the National Congress ignored communal differences in Indian citizenship and was open to all, irrespective of race or creed, but "it did not go out of its way to court the support of any class or sect by offering special concessions detrimental to the idea of a single equal citizenship for all." It is then pointed out by this newspaper that:

"Few Mohammedans, it is true, joined it, but those who did join were men of high character, great abilities, and far-seeing statesmanship. They were, to quote the words of the foremost of them, Indians first and Mussulmans afterward. The Indian National Congress was founded on a deep faith in the beneficence of the British connection. This was pithily exprest by the oft-repeated declaration that British rule was a dispensation of Providence. The founders of the Indian National Congress loyally accepted the British connection, and based their claims to equal citizenship with Englishmen on the famous Queen's Proclamation, which was usually referred to as the Magna Carta of India.

"The third fundamental creed of the Congress was that English education has been the greatest gift of England to India. Any measure which was suspected to aim at the restriction of English education, roused bitter resentment among them. Milton, Burke, Mill, Herbert Spencer, Gladstone, and John Bright were the sources of inspiration of the Congress leaders. The labors of these men in the Congress secured for the country the three reform measures, namely, Lord Cross's Reforms, the Morley-Minto Reforms, and the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms, at intervals of nearly a decade each time. The admission of Indians to the higher offices progressively increased. Indians became members of the Executive Councils of the Government of India and the Provincial Governments, as also of the Secretary of State's Council in London. The credit for all these belongs to the old Congress leaders who, amid ridicule and opposition, persevered in their policy of constitutional agitation based upon reasoned representations and protests. These men sedulously avoided appeals to racial or religious prejudices in order to obtain the support of the masses."

The first to raise the flag of revolt against this school of Congress leaders, we are informed then, was the late Mr. Bal Gangadhar Tilak, and he is described as having been strongly opposed to the starting of the Non-Cooperation Movement, which never would have been begun, we are told, except for his death at "the fateful moment." His death left the leadership of the Congress in the hands of Mahatma Gandhi, of whom it is said:

"After having led the Non-Cooperators up to the dizzy heights of Bardoli, he ordered a sudden retreat which created the first rift in the short-lived solidarity of the Non-Cooperation Movement. How the Swaraj movement was started when he was in jail, how when he came out he acquiesced in it after a feeble effort to bar out Council entry, how under the leadership of the late Mr. C. R. Das, Swarajists in Bengal and the Central Provinces made the reforms impossible, and how Mr. Das in his famous Faridpur speech sounded a note of 'Responsivism,' are now matters of history. The Responsivist party was formed two years ago to counteract the policy of total obstruction preached by the Swarajists.

"The Non-Cooperation spirit must be completely exhausted before the movement will turn once again to constitutionalism. This is being rapidly done by the internicine strife which rages within it. He who lives by the sword dies by the sword. A movement which had no basis in knowledge and thought, but only in popular applause, generally finds that the applause soon turns to opposition. Non-Cooperators were dethroned by the Swarajists; Swarajists are being dethroned by the Responsivists."

FARM TROUBLES IN JAPAN

NO MONOPOLY OF WORRY can be said to be enjoyed by the American farmer, it appears, as long as farm unrest in Japan constitutes so serious a problem for the government of that country. Even the plan of the present Seiyukai Government for the creation of a peasant proprietor system on a comprehensive scale, to be completed within thirty years at the expense of $1,500,000,000, does not seem to inspire a great deal of cheer. A peasant proprietor system, or investigation boards, or political plans are not sufficient to adjust disputes between the tenants and the landlords of farms, according to the Osaka *Asahi*, which tells us that such disputes are frequent in the season of rice transplantation. The landlords forbid the tenants to work on the farms, and the farm workers, by way of reprisal, resort to violence, and this daily continues:

"This is a menace to the daily life of Japan, which is suffering from the effect of surplus population and shortage of food. What is the Government doing? Tenant disputes make fertile land barren. Disputes among farmers, who can not emerge from poverty, even tho they work hard, compel them to leave their labor. Brutal fights among the farming classes are derogatory to harmonious life. Animosity makes them hard-minded and callous, but the Government is at a loss what to do.

"Those who appeal to direct action can be controlled by the police, but force does not settle the question permanently. Peace is transient. Causes for dispute are the decline of economic strength, and, in consequence, farming communities are not in a position to sustain the increasing population. Since the Meiji Restoration, Japan has been overzealous in the encouragement of commerce and industry, and has neglected agriculture.

"The economic life of the farming classes, however, was in a prosperous state up to the Russo-Japanese War, and no one thought of relief for those classes. Shortly after the close of that war foreign competition became intense, with the result of limited markets for the exportation of agricultural products, while the growth of commerce and industry robbed the farming communities of opportunities for domestic industries. Hence agriculture has been in adverse circumstances. The World War saved Japan from keen foreign competition and made her a great exporter, and, accordingly, the people were forgetful of farming questions. Unfortunately, the restoration of peace has made the economic life of the farmers difficult again."

The economic life of Japan's farmers is said to be as precarious now as it was toward the end of feudalism under the Tokugawa Government, we are then advised, and during that age farming communities suffered because they had to support the idle samurai, and it is recalled that tenant insurrections were frequent. To-day Japan's farmers are pictured as being crusht under the burden of heavy rents, in consequence of which they fight with the landowners. We read then:

"The result is often bloodshed. It is true that wrong-minded farm workers are easily tempted by unprincipled labor leaders who earn their livelihood by social disturbance, but, as a rule, the tenants have but little margin for savings and are harassed by the rise of prices. Farm workers must therefore be released from their heavy burden, otherwise rural life will be ruined. In the beginning of the Meiji era, the Government had to consolidate fiscal business on its foundation, and this necessity made it rely on the land tax and protect landlords. From the financial point of view, that tax is no longer so important as it was, and it is unreasonable to accord undue protection to landowners. Farm workers must be restrained from violence, but at the same time landowners should not be allowed to use their legal power. Which should be better protected, 'possession' or 'use'? This is a question that has to be decided."

Referring to the Seiyukai Government's plan for the creation of a peasant proprietor system, this newspaper informs us that the money appropriated will be used to purchase land rented for farm workers "on the understanding that the plan for the same purpose established by the Kenseikai Ministry shall be kept intact." Premiums paid for life insurance will be used to finance the plan.

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THE PLAGUE OF "STRONG" MEN

THE PEST OF THE WORLD, among other tribulations that followed war, is said to be the cult of the so-called strong man in government, who, some think, better deserves the appellation of "extremist." Strong men in Russia and in Italy, in character are as far apart as the poles, are charged, especially by certain British journals, with having unconsciously cooperated to make political extremism the mode in other countries. What Great Britain and the world most need to-day is the revival of "the moderate man," urges the London *Economist*, which believes "we have had enough of extremists and their mutual entertainment, so expensive for the rest of us." Peace can not be secured either at home or abroad, according to this weekly, as long as people do not realize that the game of the extremists, played consciously or unconsciously, can have only discord and trouble for its results, and this weekly goes so far as to say that:

"If the extremists of all countries—Fascists, Bolsheviks, Die-hards, Reds, Extreme Right and Extreme Left—could be shipped en masse to some remote islands in the Pacific, and there given unlimited liberty to fight with one another and to abuse one another, the moderate man might continue the work of restoration without interruption and with considerably more hope of success.

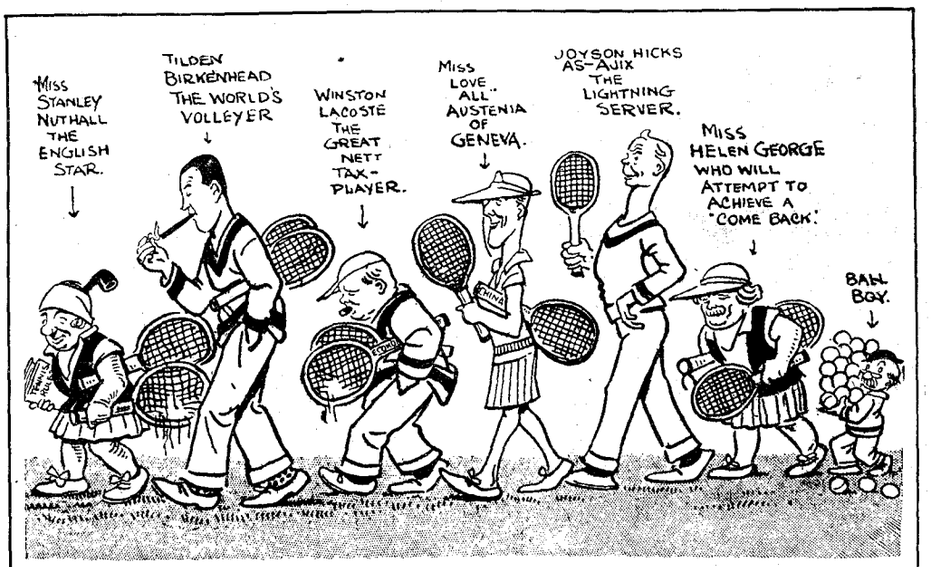
"The expedition would be calculated to save the world many thousands of millions of pounds and several millions of lives, so it would pay us to treat the travelers well, chartering Atlantic liners for their voyage and providing them with every comfort and luxury in their pleasant island homes.

"In controversy, and especially in controversy between extremists, the fierce battle of argument, the heat and clamor of invective and counter-invective, of propaganda and counter-propaganda, are impossible unless both sides play up to each other and give as good as they get. The propagandist who has no one to propagand in reply, the Junker without a Jingo to hurl back his abuse, the Die-hard without the Red—these are, of all men, the most miserable; for their rhetoric of speech and pen falls useless to the ground and the cause dies a natural death for want of the stimulating food of opposition.

"To take a very obvious case—what would Mussolini be to-day but for Lenin and Trotzky? Instead of striding the world like a Colossus, and dreaming the dreams of a Bonaparte, he would be living quietly the blameless life of an unknown Italian gentleman, with no glory, no limelight, no speech-making, no incense of flattery and adulation. And where would the Bolsheviks be but for the extremist rigor of the Czars and the hostility of Mr. Churchill and Denikin? Anywhere but in supreme power over the destinies of Russia. The Bolshevik owes what he possesses to the Romanoffs and the Fascists, and the Fascist, if he had any feeling of gratitude, should return thanks daily to his spiritual and political ally the Bolshevik. Every wild speech and extreme action of one party brings recruits to the other, and confirms and stabilizes his power."

Looking backward over the political history of Britain during the past three years, *The Economist* recalls that after the latest General Election the country had two valuable assets in a Prime Minister and a Foreign Secretary whose minds were set on peace and good-will at home and abroad. If they had been allowed to work out their program without interference from the extremists, we are told then, they might have obtained a steady and most desirable improvement in the industrial and international sphere. In spite of considerable pressure from his own party, it is related, Prime Minister Baldwin was determined not to fire the first shot in an industrial war, while Sir Austen Chamberlain devoted himself to the pacification of Europe, and *The Economist* has to remind us that:

"But while the good work was being planned there was a handful of extremists worrying at the coal problem and intensifying an atmosphere of mutual bitterness and suspicion. Mr. Cook was playing a single with Mr. Evan Williams, and as the game proceeded the returns grew hotter and hotter, doubtless to the satisfaction and enjoyment of both parties, and of all their extremist supporters, and certainly with the result that the numbers of the extremists grew and the influence of the moderates declined. The crisis came, and by this time the army of the extremists behind Mr. Cook was so large that it was able to force a desperate expedient, and the madness of the general strike was imposed on the saner leaders of the Labor party. The first shot, so rightly dreaded by the Prime Minister, had been fired, to be followed by the long, bitter struggle of the coal stoppage.


MISS STANLEY NUTHALL THE ENGLISH STAR.
TILDEN BIRKENHEAD THE WORLD'S VOLLEYER
WINSTON LACOSTE THE GREAT NETT TAX-PLAYER.
MISS LOVE ALL AUSTENIA OF GENEVA.
JOYSON HICKS AS-AJIX THE LIGHTNING SERVER.
MISS HELEN GEORGE WHO WILL ATTEMPT TO ACHIEVE A "COME BACK."
BALL BOY.

BRITISH FUN WITH PREMIER BALDWIN'S CABINET

"The Westminster Champions take the tennis-court."

—*The Daily Express* (London).

"From that time onward the position of the moderate man became more and more difficult as the fighting spirit of the extremists was refreshed and strengthened, and new recruits daily swelled their numbers. Die-hards and Reds played into each other's hands, and while the Thomas-Snowden section of Labor was embarrassed by their left wing, Mr. Baldwin found it increasingly difficult to resist the pressure of the Joynson-Hicks-*Daily Mail* elements of his own party, and was forced to do what he had hitherto refused to do—restrict the freedom and the finances of the trade-unions. The heart's desire of the Die-hards was accomplished by the folly and intemperance of Mr. Cook and his friends. As Trotzky paved the way for Mussolini, so did the Trades Union Council smooth the path for Sir William Joynson-Hicks."

Once started, the fight spreads, laments this weekly, for both sides having tasted blood, honor is engaged, prestige is at stake, and the war must be carried further into the enemy's country, whether the moderate man likes it or not. We read then:

"The moderate man who is forced to give way this time is Sir Austen Chamberlain, who had stedfastly refused to break with Russia because he set the peace of Europe above a squabble about economic systems. The triumphant extremist is now Commander Locker-Lampson, whose 'clear out the Reds' campaign might have continued unsuccessful till Doomsday but for the new spirit infused into the class war by the general strike and the Trades Unions bill. The wild men of Labor had played into the hands of the Die-hards, and the Die-hards naturally seized their chance."

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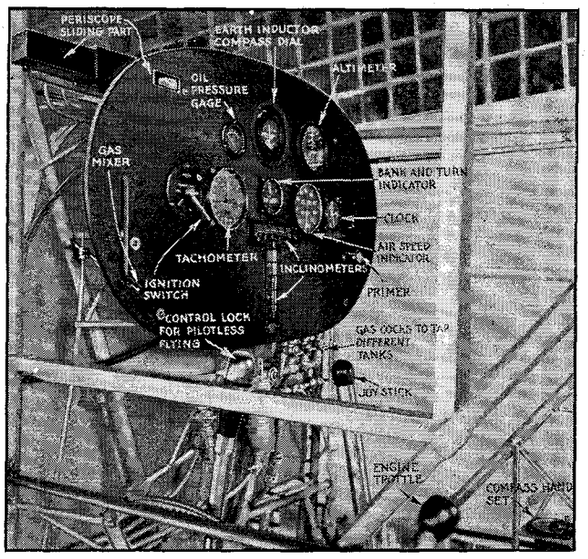
SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION

LINDBERGH'S PARTNER

THE PLANE THAT TOOK LINDBERGH across was the embodiment of all that has been learned about design and construction since the war, we are told by Frank Parker Stockbridge, writing in *Popular Science Monthly* (New York, August). The war, says Mr. Stockbridge, taught designers much about building fighters; yet no plane in existence when the Armistice was signed, equipped with any engine then known, could have made Lindbergh's flight. War demanded speed, maneuverability, a high ceiling and power with which to climb to it quickly. Peace aviation calls for safety, stability, endurance and reliability, minor considerations in fighting planes intended for short flights at top speed. To quote from the article:



Courtesy of *Aero Digest*

INTERIOR OF THE COCKPIT

Showing the instruments that demanded the flyer's attention

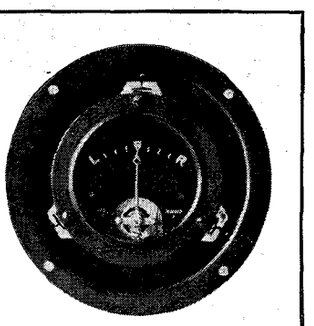
"In its elemental design, Lindbergh's plane embodies one lesson learned from war. It is a monoplane.

"To-day at least eight of the most widely known makes of airplanes have but one pair of wings. It was a monoplane, the Columbia-Bellanca, which carried Chamberlin and Levine on their record hop to Germany, and which previously established a new world's record for sustained flight. It was in a Fokker monoplane that Commander Byrd crossed the north pole.

"Lindbergh's plane is but slightly modified from the commercial type of the same make which is regularly used in carrying air mail between Los Angeles and Seattle, via San Francisco. It is what is known as a semicantilever monoplane, with the wings located above the fuselage. In the commercial plane of this type, the pilot's seat is directly behind the wings, while the compartment for mail, express matter, or passengers is under the wings.

"The first change made from the standard design was to fill this cargo space with large tanks to hold the 300 extra gallons of gasoline needed to carry the flyer across the Atlantic; the next, to inclose the pilot's cockpit, putting a roof over his head and an entrance door on the right of the fuselage, with a corresponding window on the left. The three regular tanks are between the wings, over the cargo space, and inside the body of the machine, behind the pilot.

"The new location of the tanks was chosen for two reasons: first, to put all the weight in front of the pilot, so that he would not be crusht between the gas tank and the engine in case of a crash; the second, to reduce the length from tank to engine, thereby lessening the danger of the gas line becoming clogged. The longest gas line in Lindbergh's plane is barely two feet.

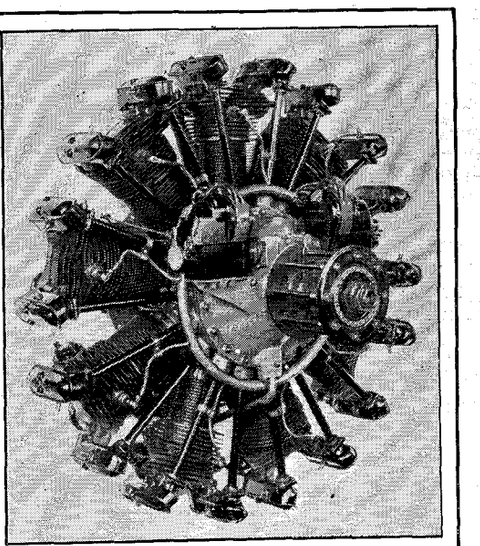


EARTH-INDUCTOR COMPASS DIAL

"Four hundred and fifty-two gallons of gasoline, the amount with which Lindbergh started off, weighs somewhat more than a ton and a half. This extra weight necessitated enlarged wings. So ten feet was added to the length, giving them a spread of forty-six feet.

"The engine of Lindbergh's plane is as up to date as the plane. In two important particulars this Wright Whirlwind J-5 motor represents an advance over anything which was in general use when the war ended. It is air-cooled, and its nine cylinders are arranged in a circle around a central crank-shaft, thus reducing the length and weight of the shaft and crank-case. This type in which the cylinders are stationary, is known as a radial engine.

"This aviation motor supplied the motive power for Byrd's flight across the north pole, and for Chamberlin's flight to Germany in the Bellanca monoplane. And it took Lindbergh more than 3,600 miles without missing a stroke in any of its nine cylinders.



THE WRIGHT WHIRLWIND MOTOR

Which drove the *Spirit of St. Louis* 3,647 miles through all kinds of weather without a stop.

To drive this engine, keep the plane balanced and find his way, Lindbergh had, besides the assemblage of controls and instruments now common to all airplanes, two devices unfamiliar even to most airmen—the earth-inductor compass and the periscope. The former, like the ordinary compass, is based on the fact that the earth is a great electromagnet, but unlike the magnetic compass, it treats the earth as one element of a great dynamo, the other being the rotating coil of the instrument itself. Says Mr. Stockbridge:

"Below a little windmill sticking out of the fuselage is a small armature, revolving on a vertical axis and hung always at right angles to the earth's magnetic field. The little windmill supplies the power to keep it rotating. The very faint current taken off from this tiny dynamo, of which the earth itself is the field, is carried to a

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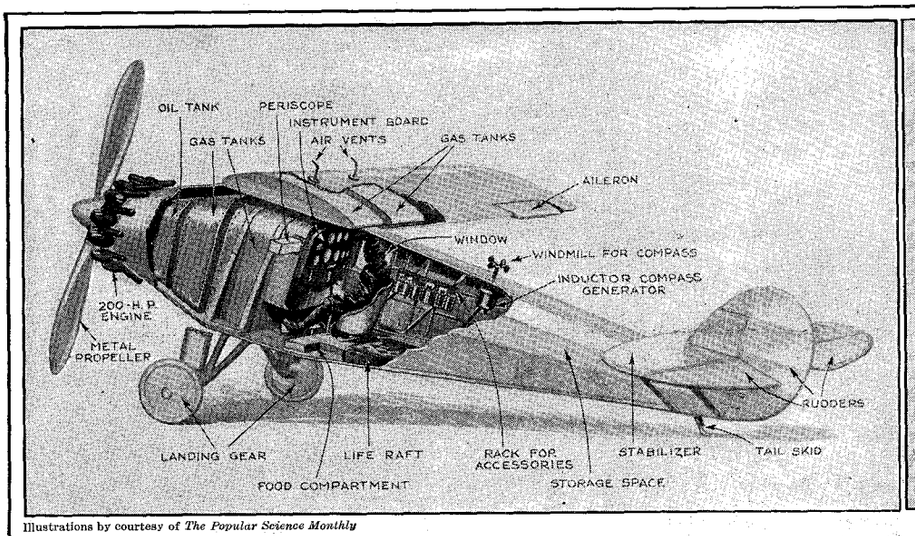
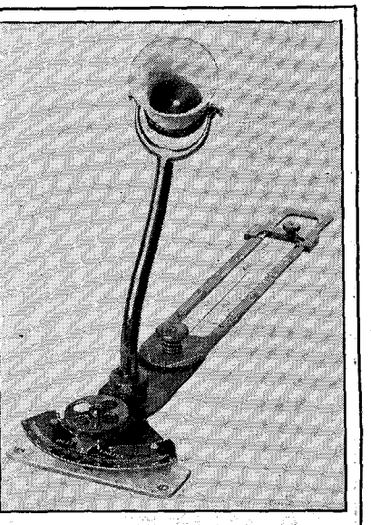




Illustrations by courtesy of *The Popular Science Monthly*

THE DESIGN AND EQUIPMENT OF THE *SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS*

SPEED AND DRIFT METER

The broken-away view reveals the mechanical features of Lindbergh's monoplane that embody the last word in airplane construction. The machine is only slightly modified from commercial planes of the same make. Notice particularly the location of the gas tanks in front of the pilot's cockpit.

galvanometer or indicator mounted on the instrument board in front of the pilot. When the brushes are set so that no current whatever is being taken off the generator, the galvanometer needle points to zero.

"In Lindbergh's machine the brushes are set so that the highest output of the generator is obtained when the brushes are respectively north and south of the armature poles, and the potential is zero when the brushes are east and west.

"Now, to find out the direction in which he was flying, Lindbergh had recourse to the third element of the combination of devices which make up the inductor compass—the controller. This is a dial set horizontally near his right hand, with a little crank projecting from its center and an indicator needle fastened to the rim of the case. On the dial are marked the points of the compass, with figures corresponding to those on the galvanometer, north being indicated by zero. This dial is mechanically connected with the generator brushes by a flexible shaft.

"The aviator turns the crank of the dial, rotating the brushes upon the poles of the armature. The little galvanometer needle creeps back to zero as the brushes reach the east-and-west position. But the dial has moved, with the crank, precisely the same number of degrees and minutes as the brushes themselves have moved, and the indicator on the dial points to the exact point of the compass toward which the plane is heading.

"The other innovation used by Lindbergh to aid him in his flight, and one which excited the derision of many airmen—before the flight—is the periscope. It is fastened to the upper left corner of the instrument board, so that the aviator can see there whatever is reflected through the outer end extended beyond the side of the plane. It was added to the plane as an afterthought, when it was realized that the enclosed cockpit would give the aviator no opportunity to see ahead of him.

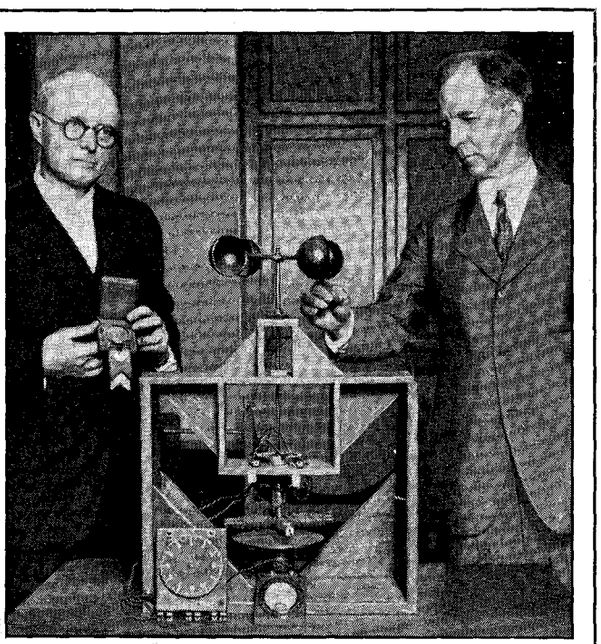
"Lindbergh told the reporters in Paris that he rose to a height of ten thousand feet to get above a sleet storm, which threatened to bring him down because of the weight on his wings. How did he know he went up ten thousand feet? The altimeter is the instrument that tells the story of height. It is an aneroid barometer the principle of which is that if you exhaust most of the air from a thin metal box with flexible and corrugated sides, then seal the box, every change in air-pressure on the outside of the box will cause the sides to bulge. By connecting the sides of the box with a needle indicator, the change of pressure from one elevation to another may be indicated.

"An interesting application of a principle discovered more than two hundred years ago by the French philosopher Pitot is the air speed indicator. In a current of air, the pressure in an L-shaped tube around which an air current is flowing increases in proportion to the speed of the air current. The straight end of the long Pitot tube which projects forward from under the plane's left wing is exposed to a current of air whose speed is precisely that of the plane itself as it rushes through the air. A flexible diaphragm actuates the dial in front of the aviator which indicates his speed in miles per hour.

"The other device to aid the pilot in determining his speed is the tachometer, which operates like the speedometer of a car, except that it shows engine revolutions per minute instead of miles per hour. Eighteen hundred a minute was the maximum reached by Lindbergh's engine, when he was climbing out of the sleet storm off Newfoundland.

"The remaining two instruments on the board, the inclinometer and the bank and turn indicator, complete the pilot's information. The inclinometer tells whether he is ascending or descending; also whether he is tilting to the right or left. It works on the principle of a spirit level. The bank and turn indicator shows whether the plane is flying on an even keel by means of a spirit level. Its turning indicator, an application of the gyroscope, tells the airman whether his machine is turning to right or left without tilting.

"Is it any wonder that Lindbergh said 'We'? Almost as complex as his own human structure, the *Spirit of St. Louis* carried him through space with uncanny precision and terrific speed. How can he help feeling that his plane is a friend, a comrade, a personality?"



FIRST MODEL OF THE EARTH INDUCTOR COMPASS

The invention of Maurice M. Titterington (left), which enabled Lindbergh and the *Spirit of St. Louis* to reach the Irish coast at a point only three miles from the planned course.

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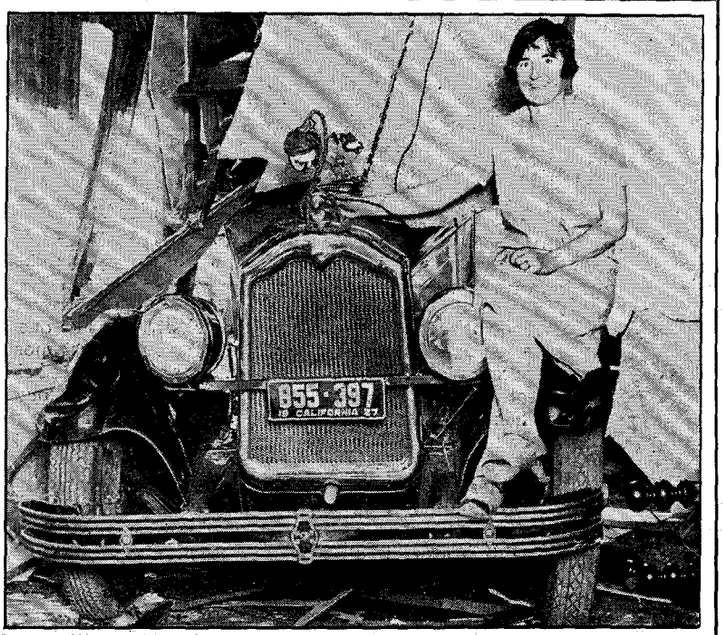
WHEN THE AUTO KNOWS MORE THAN THE DRIVER

CARS BUILT FOR AN INTELLIGENCE that their drivers do not possess; 50-mile-an-hour cars run by 20-mile-an-hour people; a public, 50 per cent. of which is incompetent to drive a car at all—these are the things that are making our automobiles juggernauts and our highways places of slaughter—not bad driving *per se;* not speeding; not discourtesy. The remedy is not more control, more signals, more red tape, but more education and the compulsory elimination of the untrained driver. This, at any rate, is the opinion of Dr. Julia Seton, and she presents it cogently in *The Evening Outlook* (Santa Monica, Cal.). She writes:



International Newsreel photograph

BUT THIS CAR MADE A SLIGHT ERROR

The driver fell asleep coming home from the party, according to the story with this wreck picture, and the car burst through the side of this lady's house, where the motor continued purring, evidently mistaking it for home.

"We are prone sometimes to wonder at the faith of men which keeps them going on over the death-dealing thoroughfares. There are many causes of accidents. Drivers can find a hundred excuses, no matter what happens, and every day almost, there is some new law, and some new instruction to motorists. These do little good—the toll goes on in spite of sign and instruction.

"When we look carefully at the world on wheels we can find one great underlying cause which seems to have been overlooked. This cause is not in bad driving. Not inattention to signals, lack of control, speeding, discourtesy; none of the so-called causes are enough to explain it. But much deeper is the root from which all these accidents spring—the undeveloped quality of consciousness at the wheel. The drivers of automobiles are unfit, both in mentality and application. The mass of people have had automobiles thrust upon them before they were qualified to use them.

"The genius of those who build and put out cars has been able to produce in a car a highly developed quality of intelligent mechanical action, far beyond the intelligence of the public that drives it. Their whole thought is to produce the most intensified mechanical intelligence and response, while they never give a thought to the dull, unrelated mentality of those who will drive it.

"The cheap price of cars places them within the reach of almost any one. There are hundreds of motor owners and drivers with more money than brains, and these are a danger to the public—the car has its own response which it gives to the driver. In an emergency there is no mind in control—the car acts much too quickly—the slow-moving mind of the operator has no power to direct the mind of his motor—he is at the mercy of something quicker than himself.

"There are marvelous cars to-day of every make which jump at the touch of the man at the wheel, like an Arab horse springs to the whip. What chance has the ordinary untrained intelligence to play safe with a car that is a better man than he is?

"There are turns too quick for the mind at the wheel to calculate; there is space so subtle that the 30-mile brain never comprehends. The darting car—primed to make 65 to 80 miles an hour—what hope is there when it has a 30- or 40-mile intelligence to run it?

"It is a safe estimate that over half the driving public are unfit to operate the modern automobile. The general public intelligence is out of proportion to the rising mechanical intelligence of the car. This can be believed when we take into count the number of unkempt, unwashed, shabby rattling cars on the road—it is not only plain that the majority of the public, not only do not know how to drive, but they do not know how to keep up a good car.

"What is the plan by which this inefficiency can be remedied? Simply this: there should be in every big city an industrial college where motor education could be taught, and no one should be allowed to own or drive a car until he stept up to the mental balance required for safety on the highway. This education should be intensive and long enough to give the student a fully developed awareness—and a deep respect for his position of trust.

"He should be required to prove that he can drive a car—and take care of it, up to the hundred per cent. mark.

"There should be education along the lines of motor fitness, and motor efficiency, highway courtesy, cleanliness in person and cars, tests in observation, comprehension, vision, awareness, emergency action. Space and distance calculation would go a long way in putting the highways into a safety zone—and would be an example to all the rest of the world."

MEET THE FLIGHT-SURGEON—"Flight-surgeons" is the term used to designate a new class of specialists brought into being by the rapid advances of aeronautics since the World War, says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). It has been tragically demonstrated that not every one who wants to fly can do so; and it is the job of the flight-surgeon to spot such individuals before they get into the air, according to Major L. H. Bauer of the United States Army Medical Corps. We read:

"'An immense amount of work has been done, both from the experimental and practical sides, in this country and abroad,' Major Bauer explained. 'As a result of this work the percentage of aviation accidents due to physical causes has decreased in a surprizing manner.' The outstanding essentials in the selection of a flyer, he explained, are good eyes and good nervous stability, quick reaction, and coordination. By good eyes are meant not only normal vision and absence of color blindness, but literally the ability to 'see out of the corner of his eye,' for in flying it is quite often necessary to know what is happening at one side when it is imperative to keep 'eyes front' to see what is coming straight ahead. Quick reaction time is essential, because the flyer frequently has to meet a situation where almost automatic reaction is needed. The ear, in spite of its connection with the sense of balance, is not now considered of great importance in determining the physical status of an aviator. After flyers are selected they are classified with respect to their ability to attain altitude, into two groups, fainters and non-fainters. The decreasing supply of oxygen in the far upper reaches produces physiological changes in the body to which different types react differently. Symptoms develop insidiously, and the aviator may reach the fainting stage without realizing that he is not in a state of perfect well-being. Consequently a test has been worked out whereby flyers are grouped according to their altitude reaction, into classes A, unrestricted, B, restricted to 15,000 feet, and C, restricted to 8,000 feet. The limit of consciousness without oxygen is about 25,000 feet, and even with oxygen artificially supplied the limit of altitude is between 40,000 and 45,000 feet, Major Bauer stated."

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TYPES OF HUMANS

WHAT IS YOUR TYPE? Our great-grandfathers thought the matter of importance; they talked much of the bilious, the lymphatic, and the mercurial. Neglected for a couple of generations by physiologists, classifications of this kind are beginning to receive attention again, we are told by Marjorie MacDill, a Science Service staff writer, in an illustrated feature article prepared for newspapers. Miss MacDill reminds us that as far back as the time of Hippocrates, medicos liked to divide their patients up into the thick and the thin, the tall and the stout. When the germ theory of disease became an established fact, however, type diagnosis fell into disrepute and stayed there for many years. But now, augmented by many new findings of modern science, it has come to occupy a place of increasing prestige. She proceeds:

"The stylish stout and the modish thin are denoted in the nomenclature of a German savant, whose system of classification has received much acclaim, as 'pyenics' and 'asthenics.' Dr. William Morton Wheeler, professor of entomology at the Bussey Institution of Harvard University, describes these types in *The Quarterly Review of Biology*, as follows:

"'The asthenic is pale, scrawny, long-limbed, with narrow head and face (hatchet-faced) long, narrow, straight nose, small, often receding chin, narrow chest and abdomen, deficient development of fat and musculature, reduced pilosity on the body but often with abundant cranial thatch, abstemious, dyspeptic, with a tendency to tuberculosis, and when insane, prone to ideas of persecution, etc. This type is active, intense, intellectual, self-centered, often deficient in a sense of humor, fond of reforming, dogmatic or fanatical, and not infrequently detestable. The pycnic—so called from a Greek word meaning compact or thickset—is rubicund, rotund, large-bodied, short-limbed, broad through the chest, but broader through the abdomen, with round or pentagonal face, pug or thick nose, moderately pilose, fond of eating and drinking, with a tendency to apoplexy and arterio-sclerosis; on the mental side, predisposed to the recurring, circular or manic depressive forms of insanity, such as melancholia; socially easy-going, tolerant in morals and religion, and often very lovable.

"'These two types in their purity are sufficiently frequent among our American population. The popular distrust of the asthenic and fondness for the pycnic is indicated by the fact that Satan, or Mephistopheles, is usually represented as an asthenic while the favorite gods and saints of China and Japan are depicted as fat as pycnics. Why the people should have chosen a symbol like Uncle Sam to represent the United States and one like John Bull to represent England was not altogether clear till the passage of the Volstead Law. Bud Fisher's creation of Mutt and Jeff may also be cited in this connection. Undoubtedly the endrocine glands, and especially the thyroid, pituitary, and interstitial glands, are concerned in the production of both the extreme and intermediate types.'

"The pycnics and the asthenics may be considered as standing at the extreme ends, so to speak, of the scale of classification. In between is a huge group of intermediates that partake in a measure of the characteristics of both. Among the several subdivisions of this group the muscular types have been designated as athletics.

"Recent investigations have demonstrated that certain physical types tend to go with certain types of personality and certain abnormal mental conditions. Asthenic children, according to some psychiatrists, should be given special opportunities for outdoor life and athletics, in order to safeguard them from developing shut-in personalities. The stocky, sturdily built individual is more likely to express himself easily in action and more likely to be normally interested in other people and affairs about him. Pycnic children are apt to be sufficiently interested in sports and other social activities without any urging, but children of the pronounced long, lean type need to be encouraged to develop what social traits they have, psychologists say."

Another favored system of classification described by the writer has four major types: musculatory, respiratory, digestive, and cerebral. This last-mentioned type takes its name from the fact that the cerebrum, that part of the brain that controls the mind, is likely to be large and well developed while the cerebellum, which controls the motor activities and the muscles, is small and poorly developed. Miss MacDill goes on:

"According to Prof. R. Bennet Bean, of the University of Virginia, cerebrals may be either small and slender or short and stocky. Many of the greatest minds the world has known have been cerebrals of the small, slender type.

"The respiratory is the tallest of the types, and is marked by outstanding physical and mental activity and endurance. The tall chiefs of the American Indians were respiratories, and so are many of the tall negro races of East Africa. People of this type do not bear confinement well and fall an easy prey to tuberculosis. Both the Father of his Country and Abraham Lincoln are choice specimens of this type that have evolved along mental lines. Both were sound, hardy individuals, men of vision backed up with thorough reasoning power and great strength of character.

"People of the musculatory type may be either long or short.

Courtesy of Science Service, Washington

"PROMINENT EXAMPLES"

As pictured by Science Service, of the "flat" and "round" types.

The tall musculatories have short arms, but long well-developed legs, useful in running, horseback riding, and mountain climbing. The short ones are usually more heavily built with prominent muscular development more generally distributed.

"The most conspicuous examples of the digestive type are short with a tendency to obesity. This type is believed to have originated after animals were domesticated and man went in for agriculture. It is more variable than the other types and depends on the inherent form of the individual and conditions during development.

"All these types are variants from the common or garden variety of man. Pure types of any kind are not numerous, while cerebral and digestive seem rarer than the other two. Overdevelopment of any functional system is likely to lead to the deterioration of that particular system under strain. Cerebrals break down most readily in the brain, the respiratory in the lungs, the musculatory in the motor system, and the digestive in the alimentary canal.

"At the Constitution Clinic at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, Dr. George Draper is attempting to sort out some of these relationships between the structure and functions of the body, mental process and immunity and susceptibility in diseases. His results would seem to indicate that there may have been more in the 'consumptive build' and 'bilious look' and similar gloomy forecasts of grandmother's day than we once thought. For human beings of a certain uniformity of structure seem more prone to certain types of diseases than others. The possibilities of the practical application of these facts in the practise of medicine in the future can be little more than guessed at."

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JANNINGS NOW AN AMERICAN FILM STAR

PEOPLE WHO HAVE WONDERED how that English classic, "The Way of All Flesh," would emerge from the manhandling of the screen may be reassured. It hasn't come forth at all; but somehow its name has got mixed up with a potpourri of Emil Jannings's three great film creations, themselves emerging under other titles. It is an impressive exhibit of screen psychology. The whole world of old and tried ideas are ransacked and new combinations are tried out, presumably on a public of blissful ignorance or short memories. The use made of Samuel Butler's immortal title arouses an ironic comment in the review by Richard Watts, Jr., in the New York *Herald Tribune*. To all appearances the picture was first made, and then ensued a search for a title. The result he sees as "a satisfactory compromise, with a touch of intelligence to please the more intellectual admirers of the great actor's performances, and yet it must be enough in the mood of the box-office to suit the average film-goer." If Mr. Watts is a good diviner, here is what happened:

A MASTER IN MAKE-UP

Emil Jannings has "taken a place in motion-picture tragedy only comparable to Chaplin's eminence in comedy."

"Studiously the magnates glance over the titles of what they have heard called 'Literature' in search of a snappy idea. Then one of the more adventurous of the lot hits upon something and, perhaps raucously, he cries the cloak-and-suit equivalent of 'Eureka!'

"With the luck of a good business man he has come upon a book called 'The Way of All Flesh,' and an adviser has told him that it has a certain reputation. Why, it is the very thing! That word, 'flesh,' is ideal box-office and, tho the story itself has not the slightest relation to the novel, a detail like that is not to be worried about. Some one in the organization who reads can go over the book in quest of a foreword, and tho the passage he brings up is an ironic criticism of the current moral code as purely expedient, it is simple enough to quote it as a fine moral lesson."

So banish all thoughts of Samuel Butler, and if you remember "The Last Laugh" and "Variety," go and see the roast beef made into excellent hash. "With all the contempt you may have for the selection of a title," Mr. Watts goes on, "it would be more than unfair to denounce the Jannings film for the current method of nomenclature that surrounds it." The picture is described as "a fine and moving piece of work, in which the First Actor of the Cinema gives his most impressive performance."

"'The Way of All Flesh' (film version), deals with the plight of a stolid but sentimental German-American family-man, who gets into the toils of an adventuress, loses the bonds intrusted to him and, as a result, prowls about as a male *Stella Dallas* for the rest of his forlorn days. The tragedy of this unfortunate gentleman is recounted with much detail and, for the greater part, with fine cinematic skill. . . .

"The picture was studiously built with the idea of giving Jannings a chance to duplicate his three greatest histrionic successes—in the first part, the bearded king of 'Deception,' later the sex-propelled *Boss Heller*, of the incomparable 'Variety,' and finally, the broken old man of 'The Last Laugh.' Almost unquestionably, I think, the producers, recognizing what a task faced them in following their star's foreign triumphs, have not been unmindful of the value of offering him in his classic rôles. But I think it is a mistake to declare that the three phases of Jannings's work are separate and unrelated, presenting an effective display of virtuosity, rather than a consistent characterization.

"Rather would I say that it is one of the outstanding merits of the star's work that he does keep the three periods in his performance believably connected. And certainly it can hardly be denied that throughout the picture Jannings presents the most marvelous example, stage or screen, of dramatic power and resourcefulness; of detailed characterization; of skill at mingling comedy and drama in the proper ratio. Incidentally, he knows pretty conclusively that he does not depend, as some of us had hitherto suspected, on studious overemphasis for his effects. So far as I am concerned, his work in 'The Way of All Flesh' is final proof that he is so far ahead of all other cinema actors that any comparison is ridiculous.

"Undoubtedly there are two serious criticisms to make of the picture. That it was constructed, as previously mentioned, with the idea of presenting Jannings in the most favorable thespian light, I am willing to disregard as of minor importance. What is of major importance is that the picture doesn't know where to end, and rambles off, with rather cheap tearfulness in an orgy of male *Stella Dallas* sentimentality. It might have ended with great effect in that scene in the theater, where the aged *Ernest Schiller*, now a forlorn chestnut pedler, watches from the gallery with mixed pride and sadness his son in the process of scoring a triumph as violinist in the piece his father had taught him."

Writing in the New York *World*, Howard Barnes goes on record with the statement that Jannings has "taken a place in motion-picture tragedy only comparable to Chaplin's eminence in comedy." He is less censorious of the film's organization than is the preceding writer:

"Jannings works with a small brush, in tiny, detailed and colorful strokes. It is a distinctive, original method of characterization and building up of plot, admirably suited to the movie. Furthermore, he constructs his plot with a fine sense of form, his story breaking into three distinct segments with a climax following

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the second and an anticlimax the concluding sequences. In 'The Way of All Flesh,' the same fault occurs as in 'The Last Laugh,' a weak, sagging ending, when all the finely built up emotional suspense of the earlier sequences is dissipated in sentimentality.

"All of the film, with the exception of the ending, tho, is handled with magnificent skill. It is the manner in which detail is carefully built upon detail, with a constantly mounting pace to the climax, when, with a few bold strokes, all the fragmentary, minute incidents in the action become integrated, become a living, pulsing whole, gripping and terrifying in the focal point of the individual tragedy, that a great motion-picture is achieved.

"Victor Fleming, aided by magnificent photography, shows the same sure hand that he displayed in his direction of 'The Rough Riders.' New and interesting camera shots crop up everywhere.

"Belle Bennett and Phyllis Haver make their characterizations vivid and do more acting than most American screen actresses are called upon to do. They have shown an immediate response to the method that Jannings employs. Judging from this, his first American picture, we should say that Hollywood and Jannings have hit it off very well together, each profiting tremendously from the new affiliation."

AMERICAN RHODES SCHOLARS—An English educator has declared that our Rhodes scholars are failures because they do not take leading parts in affairs in the United States after they return from Oxford. He is Prof. Herbert A. L. Fisher, warden of New College, Oxford, and a trustee of the Rhodes fund. As presented in the New York *Herald Tribune* the case stands thus:

"There is only one Rhodes scholar, it was said, who could be termed at present a 'world figure,' whereas Cecil Rhodes had believed the beneficiaries of his scholarship fund would prove more forceful.

"Professor Herbert A. L. Fisher, warden of New College, Oxford, former president of the Board of Education of Great Britain and a trustee of the Rhodes fund, was the educator whose unfavorable opinion was quoted in the letter.

"The information was contained in a letter from Prof. J. C. Beaty, of the Southern Methodist University of Dallas, Texas. Professor Beaty is abroad as a fellow under the Albert Kahn Foundation. His report of Professor Fisher's opinion was made part of the report of his travels to the foundation.

"Professor Fisher was quoted as saying that President Aydelotte, of Swarthmore, was the only Rhodes scholar who has become an international figure.

"Professor Beaty wrote that he did not agree with this opinion. He exprest the opinion that 'the Rhodes scholars of any given year would compare favorably with members of any other group of American men of similar age.'

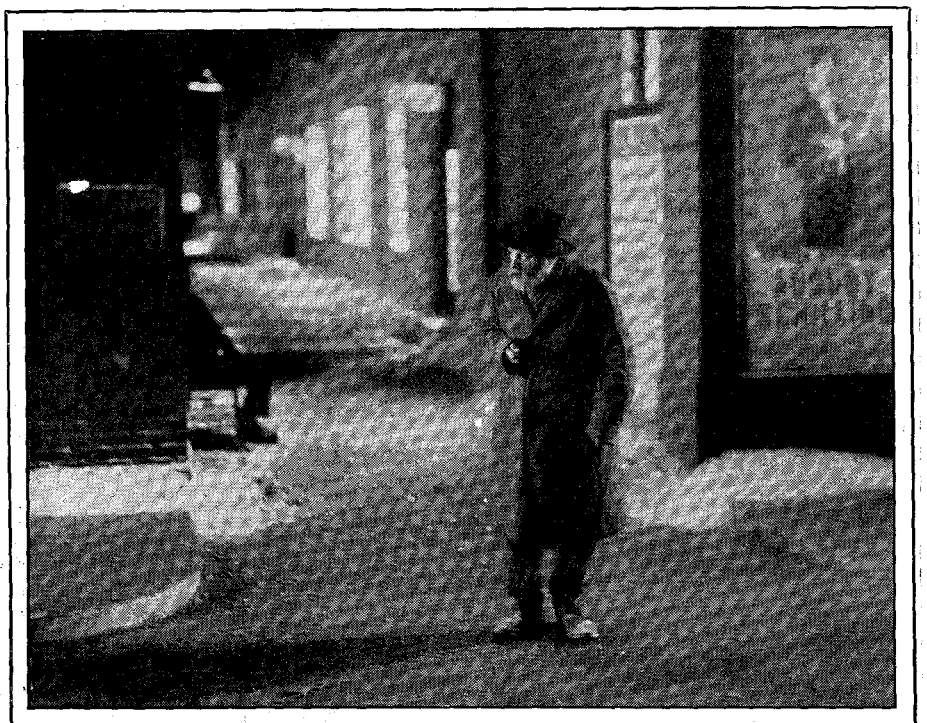
"'The total number of Rhodes scholars in proportion to the tens of thousands of college graduates in any given year is very small,' Professor Beaty pointed out. 'Some ex-Rhodes scholars on their return to America reflect in an exaggerated way mannerisms that are not typical of the best Englishmen, and consequently make many Americans distrust their foreign education.'

"He suggested that the selection of Rhodes scholars might be altered profitably to avoid giving two scholarships to each State regardless of the discrepancies in population.

"Professor Beaty wrote enthusiastically from Montpellier, France, upon a plan put in operation there by Professor Geddes to bring together students from all parts of the world to study in a truly scholarly atmosphere. They may take courses in the University of Montpellier and visit Professor Geddes's establishment on the hills overlooking the town to receive 'a sort of general philosophical synthesis of knowledge.'"

SURVEYING THE GILDED AGE

THE END OF THE LAST CENTURY had a self-conscious fit that found a name for itself as *fin-de-siecle* in its literary activities. This term was vague enough to English ears to suggest something desperate if not naughty. People who lived then rather liked to be thought lingering on the edge of some sort of an abyss. But the new century righted things, and our younger contemporaries look back with a contemptuous glance and call it a "mauve age"—mauve being explained in Whistler's phrase as "pink trying to be purple." Fortunately, perhaps, for lions of that age posterity will not be left to think of them wholly as bleating lambs. The period receives a new and saner appraisal in a fascinating chapter in "The Rise of American Civilization" (Macmillan's), by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. Their survey does not confine itself to one decade but embraces the periods following the Civil War and stretching to the end of the century which takes its descriptive title from Mark Twain's "The Gilded Age," a book in which Twain and Charles Dudley Warner "portrayed the social structure from top to bottom." The Beards, whose sixteen hundred pages trace American civilization from its earliest days, do not box the ears of this small period because it lacked some of the sophistication of to-day, but see it as a time favorable to creative work, "intensified by the economic development of the gilded age." The makers of novels, stories, poems, and essays had a larger and more varied audience—with the shift of the industrial and population centers into the West, the absorption of the South into the machine process, the expansion of urban civilization, the multiplication of literates through the public schools, the opening of colleges to women, and the general extension of the middle-class area of comfort and leisure. The social conflict of the period furnished stirring themes for versatile pens. In Mark Twain, Whitman, Lowell, Hay and Howells "the great questions of national destiny which perplexed statesmen and economists were proclaimed, hinted at, etched or shown through a glass darkly, according to mood and circumstance." Humorists like Eugene Field and "Mr. Dooley" did their share. The transformation of the social order struck into the pages of the novelists. The Beards are a little kinder to Henry James than is the general wont:



UNEQUALED PORTRAYER OF OLD MEN

Jannings, in an Enoch Arden episode of "The Way of All Flesh," goes to the gallery to listen, while his son plays the violin, an instrument he has taught his son to master.

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"For the poignant middle class of seasoned families, equally distrest by the doings of the plutocrats and the vulgarisms of democracy, spoke Henry James. The grandson of a millionaire, a whole generation removed from the odors of the shop, and granted by good fortune a luxurious leisure, James steered his way into a more rarefied atmosphere, normally as the sparks fly heavenward. In a loftier altitude he found many superior people, 'cultivated' in taste, languid in habits, and desirous of elegant manners if they had not fallen heir to them in a natural way. Of such upper-class persons and for them, James wrote most of his novels, using the crude, rising, bourgeoisie of America to emphasize the

P. & A. photograph

DURING THE DALY REGIME

John Drew as a young man in poetic comedy.

prettiness of the English landed aristocracy which had subdued even its latest cotton-spinning recruits to some accord with manorial taste. Possessing an assured income from fixt investments, he took time in his writing to evolve a meticulous and fine-spun style, one so vague and so intricate that it moved even his brother William, the pragmatic philosopher, to explode in a letter to the novelist, 'Say it out, for God's sake.' Accustomed by his position to the society of people not wholly engrossed in business, James found a home in England, where at last, during the World War, he renounced his American citizenship and became a subject of King George.

"Somewhat in the same fashion that more versatile genius and more powerful improvisor, Francis Marion Crawford, after drawing a picture of Boston politics in 1884, fled from the 'thin and vulgar life of America' to the mellow civilization of Italy, where he devoted his talents to exploiting European scenes and personalities. Tho such withdrawals were alarming to patriotic Americans and soothing to the nations thus classed as more exquisite, the practise was by no means new among literary people. Byron, Keats, Shelley, and the Brownings seemed to prefer Mediterranean to English culture; Heine enjoyed his days in Paris more than in Hamburg or Düsseldorf; Turgeniev died in the capital of France, tho he might have returned to Russia."

Mr. Howells is often looked upon as anemic by the "red-blooded" writers of to-day; but the Beards' philosophic outlook does not so appraise him:

"Early drawn into the struggle of labor against the plutocracy, Howells not only wrote of the conflict and its antithesis, the Socialism of Altruria, but he descended into the forum to champion the right as he was given to see it—even to protest against the execution of the Chicago anarchists as 'a grotesque perversion of law,' knowing full well, as he said, that his action was distasteful to 'the immeasurable majority of American people.' If his wrath never burned to high heaven and his stories of the times, realistic as they were, marked no epoch in American letters, there was no doubt about the locus of his soul in the curve of the American economic alinement.

"Still to the left of Howells, at least in the baldness of their fictional structures, were two writers of the period far more dogmatic in their style. Accepting the machine system at face value, Edward Bellamy wrote a frank novel of Socialism, 'Looking Backward'—the first American utopia of the industrial age, glorifying science and invention as the savior of mankind from the curse of nameless drudgery. With an extraordinary swiftness it caught the imagination of the whole country, led to the foundation of a short-lived Nationalist party, and gave to the hard Marxism of the German Socialists a deep tinge of American sentiment. If Bellamy's furor soon died away in the storm of the generality, his influence on social thinking was never lost. Of a different order, but tangent to the same center, was 'The Bomb,' written several years later by Frank Harris. In none of Zola's terrible descriptions of Parisian degradation was the devastating brutality of modern poverty, a root of industrial revolt, more accurately presented than in this picture of Chicago slums, a tale of social unrest in the submerged wilderness of that ruthless city."

The great majority of the popular novels turned out in the gilded age "derive their substance from geographical peculiarities and ancient triangles":

"After writing one national novel, 'The Gilded Age,' Mark Twain portrayed life on the Mississippi and in the West, a life that was peculiar to the New World in many ways, and made a few excursions into European scenes, ending in bitter doubts about all so-called eternal values. In the 'Hoosier Schoolmaster,' Edward Eggleston etched with deadly accuracy a poor white community in the Indiana of pioneer days; and afterwards tossed off occasional pictures of the frontier that was passing. From the South came the voices of Joel Chandler Harris, who made the Southern negro to laugh and weep in his pages, and of George Washington Cable, who, with rare sympathy, caught the spirit of his particular section, notably New Orleans. In the far North, Sarah Orne Jewett saved pictures of fading New England, while Margaret Deland reflected in 'John Ward, Preacher,' the sinking flickers of religious passions that still divided families. From the Pacific coast to New York and London, Bret Harte carried the roar of mining-camps; and in the pages of Helen Hunt Jackson's 'Ramona' the dying years of Mexican California were clearly painted.

"So rich indeed was the harvest of this period that a present-day critic, Carl Van Doren, reviewing the whole gamut of American fiction, is persuaded that the decade between 1880 and 1890 produced more good novels than any similar span in Amercian history. Why so many of them perished quickly, like the grass that is cut down and withereth, must be left to those who preside over the battle of the books. Perhaps, however, mass production in letters as in pig-iron, the pressure of publishers for new stocks to sell, and the dynamic drive in American economic revolution account for most of the oblivion that overtook them.

"Whatever may be the arbitrament of time in this matter, it can be safely said that the best selling books of the gilded age were of a different order. In that uproarious era, the American masses cherished what a clever writer has called 'dime-novel theories of the world.' They were not interested in esoteric, impersonal, futurist or vortical speculations. They were obsessed by the concrete, personal, primitive, material zest for life—for a life that was to last but a brief moment until the free land was occupied and the waste places were conquered by man with his machines, his codes, his arts, and his standardized reputations. In every respect the epoch was distinguished by what John Hay called 'the restless haste and hunger which is the source of much that is good and most that is evil in American life.'"

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JOHN DREW

"THE LAST GREAT FIGURE of what many regard as the golden age of our theater" passes in the death of John Drew. He lived his last days in suffering in a San Francisco sanatorium, a whole stretch of the country from his beloved Long Island home, but wherever he was John Drew was known to the country at large, and San Francisco paid as touching a tribute at his parting as tho he were one of her own sons. It was that part of the country that saw his last efforts on the stage, for he was overtaken with illness while touring with an "all-star" company in "Trelawny of the Wells." The part was a new creation for him, for through accumulating years—he was seventy-three at his death—he had continued to present varied types of men of the world, not young nor yet old. His last part was the irascible old gentleman whose nephew runs away and consorts with play actors to his chagrin until he is won over by the charms of *Rose Trelawny*, on whom the youth's affections were cast. Drew played a long line of comedy parts under the ægis of Daly and Frohman. One of the best summaries of his career appears in the New York *Evening Post:*

"Perhaps of no actor of our generation could it be more truthfully said than of John Drew that he was born to the purple robes of the drama and that he leaves blooded heirs to carry on after him. His is the last of the great dynasties of the theater. With him passes the name Drew, but not the tradition of the house. The Booths, the Jeffersons and the Davenports have closed their chapters, but not the Drews.

"Two generations before his own the mummer's strain began to show itself. His maternal grandfather and grandmother were English stars of their day. His father, whose name he received, was an Irish comedian of note. It was, however, during the regency of his mother, Louisa Lane Drew, that the consanguineous influence made itself most felt upon John Drew.

"Part of Mrs. Drew's dower was the management of the Arch Street Theater in Philadelphia. 'I was seldom allowed to go back stage,' John Drew wrote in his autobiography, which was a curious sketch-book of a crowded life. He was packed off to a good school instead of being allowed to grow up in the wings. 'When I grew older,' he added, 'I was allowed to go behind the scenes and talk to the actors.' And they were actors. Among them were Edwin Booth, Lester Wallack, E. L. Davenport, Louis James and Stuart Robson.

"When he made his début John Drew was twenty. His assurance was such that instead of pampering him his mother found it advisable to discipline him. He learned from her his limitations. Few actors are so fortunate. Instead of aspiring to a greatness that was beyond him, Drew remained always within the radius of his gifts. He was content to be a comedian, and in that field he made a name for himself that he could not have won in another.

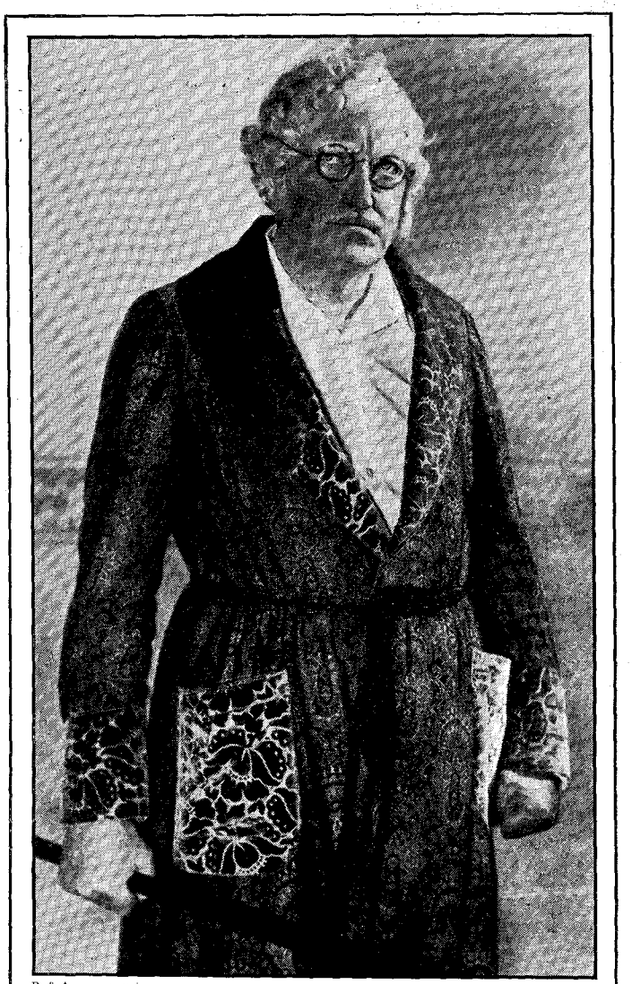
"He carried on the tradition, too. His own daughter's career on the stage was brief. But his sister's children—the world knows them as Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore—were coming on. He gave them the benefit of his years. His interest in them was, indeed, paternal. Even after they had been acclaimed by the world it was his custom to send each of them on their first night in a new play a red apple, the reward for 'speaking their pieces well.'

"Now his chapter has ended, and they are left to carry on the Drew tradition. Nor is it altogether probable that the dynasty will end with them. A few weeks ago a private school in Philadelphia gave its class play. A very young lady received considerable praise. The program revealed her name as Ethel Barrymore Colt. There are purple robes waiting for her."

John Drew was a person as well as an actor. "I have written wonderful books," said Mark Twain, "books which have revolutionized politics and religion in the world, and you might think that this is why my children hold my person to be sacred; but it isn't so; it is because I know Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew personally." *The World* dwells upon that aspect of the man where he is described as a gentleman and an artist on the stage as well as in real life:

"To say that John Drew attained a unique place in American stage history, that for decades he has stood first among the comedians of our theater, is to give only a partial indication of his public position. The news of his death Saturday must have brought literally to millions a sense of personal loss. It closes a period. A generation ago Mark Twain wrote that his children revered him not because he had written books and dined with Kings but because he knew John Drew. A veteran of Augustin Daly's great organization, a star of Frohman's when in the nineties everybody went to the Empire to see Drew and Maude Adams, he survived to be the dean of the stage, one of our American institutions. He was the last great figure of what many regard as the golden age of our theater.

"It was always hard to dissociate John Drew the man and John Drew the actor. In both capacities he won and kept the same place in the American heart. In part this was because the stage was his natural element, to which he was born. His mother and father were players; he made his début in his mother's Philadelphia theater before he was of age. He had a distinctive personality, and the strenuous discipline of Daly's stock company soon showed where his talents lay. Particularly as he became mature, as he passed from the rôles of the gay cavalier into more serious parts, did he take a niche that was all his own. He played the polished gentleman, the wit, the man of the world, to perfection. He could take a shoddy piece and, with his vitality, his ease and sparkle, his conscientious artistry, transform his rôle. Booth Tarkington once said that he could have made *Simon Legree* into a misunderstood hero and gentleman. In rôles like the gay *Lord Quex*, or *Major Pendennis*, or *Sir William Gower* of 'Trelawny'—the part in which New York last saw him—he was superb.



P. & A. photograph

HIS LAST PART

John Drew as *Sir William Gower* in "Trelawny of the Wells."

"John Drew was a gentleman and an artist on the stage; he was the same gentleman and artist in every-day life. For more than a half-century his high ideal of his progression, his earnest effort to achieve the utmost polish and effectiveness, his instinct for what was clean and bright, made him a happy influence upon our theater."

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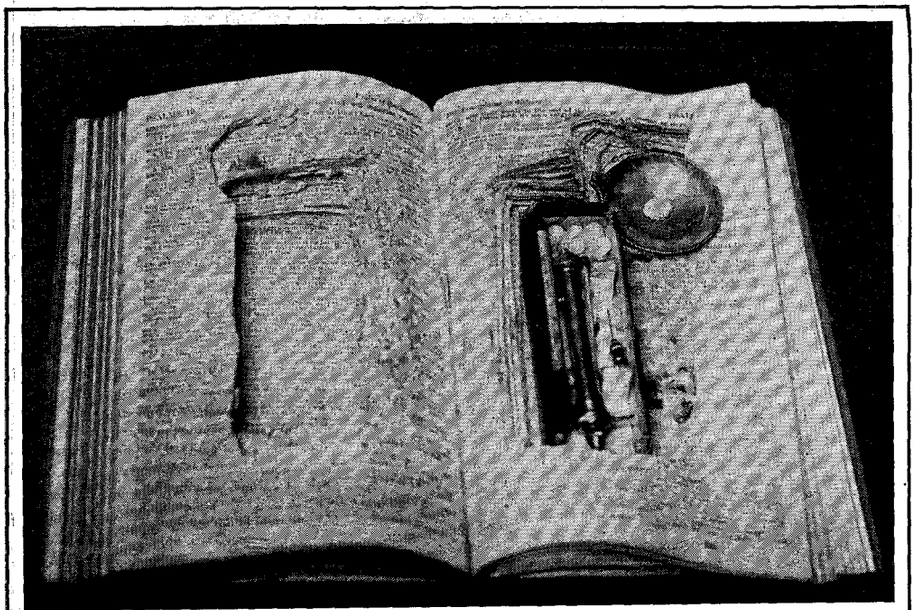
RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

BANISHING OPIUM FROM INDIA

INDIAN EDITORS KEENLY RELISH reminding the British officials that but for the pressure exerted by Americans those officials would not be so zealous in restricting the cultivation of poppy in India as they are to-day. "The indignant withdrawal of America from the Second International Opium Conference at Geneva as a protest against the refractory attitude of Great Britain has produced a welcome effect" on the British rulers of India. So writes Babu Golap Lal Ghose, editor of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* (Calcutta), one of the most powerful organs of Indian opinion. That comment is made to explain why a conference attended by British officials and representatives of certain Indian States ruled by Maharajas has just been held at Simla—the summer headquarters of the Government of India—to concert measures for curtailing the area under opium cultivation. According to the special correspondent of the *Hindu* (Madras), Lord Irwin, the Viceroy and Governor-General, who delivered the inaugural address, thus pointed out the necessity of taking such steps:



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IT DIDN'T WORK: AN ATTEMPT TO SMUGGLE NARCOTICS HIDDEN IN A BIBLE!

"India is . . . pledged to the ultimate suppression of opium smoking, to the limitation and control of the export of opium so that none may reach other countries without the consent of their respective Governments, and to prevent the smuggling of opium to the Far East by her ratification of the Geneva Dangerous Drugs Convention and Opium Agreement of 1925. India has further pledged herself to take effective measures to prevent the illicit traffic in raw opium from presenting a serious obstacle to the suppression of opium smoking, a habit which tho rare in India is sadly prevalent farther east. A Commission of the League of Nations will visit India and other producing countries in the course of the next few years in order to determine whether this has been done."

The editor of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* sarcastically ascribes the zeal that British officials are showing for curtailing poppy cultivation to their desire not to be found wanting when this international Commission visits India. He points out that "At Geneva last time the American delegates openly accused the Government of India of the failure" to abide by the Hague International Opium Convention of 1912, which is regarded as the charter of the world struggling against opium and narcotic drugs, and accused the Government of India of deliberately conniving at its breach. He continues: "It is quite natural on the part of the Viceroy to take effective steps beforehand so that the same charge of breach of faith may not be repeated."

This influential writer indicates the changes that have taken place in the Indian attitude toward the extinction of the opium cultivation in India except for strictly scientific and medicinal purposes. He writes:

"There was a time when public opinion in India was not fully reconciled to the idea of the sacrifice of such a big source of revenue as opium merely, as they said, 'at the bidding of the international faddists'; altho even then, men like Dadabhai Naoroji and Gokhale raised their voice against the opium traffic. But much water has flown down the Ganges since then. The Indian National Congress has for the last few years strongly protested against the opium policy of the Government, and the Indian public now realize that opium revenue is not only immoral, but it means a tremendous loss in public health and public efficiency.

"India's complaint against her masters now is not that they have accepted the international obligations for the gradual suppression of the opium traffic, but that they have not gone as far as they ought to have done in the matter. For instance, the Government have shown much greater solicitude for the people of China and other Eastern countries than for the people of India whose rate of consumption is much higher than what was prescribed by the League of Nations."

Since fully one-third of India is not directly administered by the British, but is ruled by Indians variously known as Maharajas, Rajas, Nawabs, etc., this Calcutta editorial writer is convinced that:

"Without the adoption of a common policy by British India and the Indian States, even moderation in the use, not to speak of absolute prohibition, of opium can not be insured. And we have little doubt that the enlightened Durbars (governments of Indian States) will not be slow to perceive the baneful effects of the unrestricted consumption of the drug by their subjects.

"It is quite true that this will undoubtedly involve a great sacrifice of revenue on their part, for even now both the legitimate and illegitimate traffic in Malwa opium brings a very large amount of money into the pockets of the people of the Indian States. But at the same time we believe that they will not fail to see that the gain in the shape of an appreciable improvement in the moral and physical well-being of their people which, as Ruskin truly said, constitutes the real wealth of a country, will also be considerable."

It is interesting to note from Viceroy Irwin's speech that the steps so far taken to cut down acreage have not been attended by

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hardship to the cultivators. According to the correspondent of *The Hindu* (Madras) already quoted, he stated:

"Drastic reductions of the area under cultivation in the United Provinces amounting to no less than 50 per cent. in three years have not caused any appreciable hardship there . . . . Between 1906 and 1916 the total area under cultivation in Central India and Rajputana was reduced from 244,000 acres to no more than 10,000 acres. In fact, opium cultivation was under a fair way to extinction, and yet so far as I am aware the economic life of the (Indian) States was not disorganized. On the contrary, it was reported that in spite of the hereditary taste of the cultivator for opium cultivation, it was difficult to induce him to adhere to it owing to the profits to be made out of wheat and other crops. Even between 1923 and 1926 the area fell from roughly 72,000 to under 35,000 acres."

The Government, it appears, has got around the deficit that might have been caused by shrinkage of poppy cultivation by rise in price. According to Sir Basil Blackett, the Finance Member of the Government of India, also reported in *The Hindu:*

"While consumption had declined between 1910 and 1924 by more than a third in British India, the revenue rose by more than a half, as the result of the policy of maximum revenue from minimum consumption."

It may be added that India is not without her own grave opium problem. Consumption of that drug in certain parts of the Peninsula is many times the amount allowable for purely medical and scientific purposes, according to the figures published by *The Calcutta Gazette*. The consumption in and about Calcutta, for instance, is fourteen or fifteen times that fixt by the League of Nations as legitimate, or, to be exact, 85.4 *seers* (a *seer* is roughly two pounds) instead of six *seers* per 10,000 persons.

A POINTLESS JOKE ON MISSIONARIES—The idea that missionaries are greatly concerned over properly appareling their charges is pretty well exploded, tho there are still a few professional jokesmiths unaware of the fact. We are more forcibly reminded of it by a writer in the Burma *Mission Herald*, a missionary paper of Southern Asia, who also takes a fling at the fashions on Fifth and Michigan avenues:

"Nothing seems to give the would-be-smart critics of missionaries more pleasure than to comment on the folly and futility of their supposed attempts to dress the incompletely clad savage. Some seem to think that this is the chief work of the missionary and the thing in which he takes most delight. Missionaries in Burma do not find this one of their chief interests. This getting of enough calico to clothe a few hundred people is not one of their concerns.

"The Burmese people show not only modesty but exceedingly good taste in their dress. One sometimes wonders what they think of Western modes and manners. Let's choke the half-wit who tries to make funny remarks about the attempts of the poor missionary to clothe the 'native.'"

"Instead of our sending 'blankets and top-boots' to the savage," comments the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), "the poor benighted heathen may retaliate with petticoats and long sleeves for the native American flapper!"

THE CAMPAIGN FOR SIGHT-SAVING

THE TREMENDOUS STRIDES made toward elimination of the principal causes of blindness in the eighteen years since the origin of the movement for the conservation of vision are revealed in a recent report of the National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness, entitled "A Year in Review." Says a press bulletin issued by the Committee:

"The report shows that the percentage of children in the schools for the blind who lost their sight because of ophthalmia neonatorum (babies' sore eyes)—for centuries the principal cause of blindness—has been reduced more than 51 per cent. during the life of the Committee. It announces the establishment of the country's first preschool eye clinics for the examination of the eyes of children too young to read, and describes how in these clinics it has become possible to test the sight of children as young as two to six years.

Courtesy of the National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness

"LOOK AT THE FUNNY THREE-LEGGED ANIMAL"

New method of testing the eyes of children too young to read. The letter "E" is the three-legged animal," and the children indicate which way the legs are pointing.

"The report shows that in 1913 there were throughout the United States only two sight-saving classes for the education of children with seriously defective vision; that in 1926 there were 265 such classes; but that this is only 5 per cent. of the number of such classes needed to provide education for children with serious eye defects without further endangering their sight. More than 4,700 additional sight-saving classes are needed.

"In charts based on the experience of several of the largest industries of the country, the Committee reports that well-organized sight conservation work has made it possible for these companies to save 99 per cent. of the expense previously incurred through eye accidents, and to save 92 per cent. of the time previously lost as the result of eye accidents. Notwithstanding these accomplishments in some plants, the Committee says, 'hundreds if not thousands of eyes and millions of dollars are still lost annually because of the eye hazards of industrial occupations. Any permanent reduction of these hazards calls for the provision and use of mechanical safety devices, the provision of adequate lighting and sanitary facilities, and the continued education of employers, employees and governmental officials.'

"In a foreword to the report, William Fellowes Morgan, president of the Committee, says: 'The underlying cause of blindness, whether it be the result of disease or accident, is usually ignorance. The work of the National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness is, therefore, concentrated largely on pointing the way. Its function is to keep abreast of the scientific advances in medical and pedagogical knowledge and to inform the public in layman's language of such advances and how they may be applied in preventing blindness and in saving sight.'"

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THE LONG TREK OF THE MENNONITES

NOT SINCE THE PILGRIMS boarded the *Mayflower* at Delft Haven for New England has there been, we are told, such a migration of a religious body as that which is now coming to an end in South America. This is the trek of a large body of Mennonites from the cold plains of Western Canada to the tropical plains and forests of Paraguay, where a hospitable Government has accepted them on their own terms. The Mennonites are a Protestant sect which acknowledges only the authority of the Bible, refuses to bear arms or take oath, postpones baptism until after confession of faith, and dislikes all forms of Church hierarchy. They have sought refuge in various parts of Europe, in Canada, and in some parts of this country, and in some instances have encountered difficulties because of their beliefs and their refusal to accept the generally recognized responsibilities of citizenship. Those who migrated to Canada have not found the conditions of life and the climate suitable, and have taken to the road again. Week by week, in groups of from three to four hundred, composed of entire families, writes Dr. Webster E. Browning in *The Missionary Review of the World*, these people are arriving at the port of Buenos Ayres, and are immediately continuing their journey to their new home, 1,750 miles inland, by the great river system of the Parana. It is stated, says Dr. Browning, who is educational secretary of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America, that within a few years a total of 100,000 men, women and children will have arrived and taken possession of the land which has been alloted to them by a special law of Paraguay. This grant, we read, lies on the eastern slopes of the Andes and along the Paraguay River. The company which is financing the movement has purchased 3,000,000 acres of ideally located and fertile land.

An unusual charter has been granted by the Paraguayan Government to the Mennonites. According to its terms they receive considerations which it is said they have not been able to obtain elsewhere, such as exemption from military service, the right to conduct their own schools and churches in their own language, freedom from taking an oath, and the absolute control of the colony by themselves. The charter, as it is given in *The Missionary Review of the World*, is as follows:

"ARTICLE I. Members of the community known as Mennonites who come to the country as components of a colonization enterprise and their descendants, shall enjoy the following rights and privileges:

"1. To practise their religion and to worship with absolute liberty without any restriction and, consequently to make affirmations by a simple 'Yes' or 'No' in courts of justice, instead of by oath; and to be exempt from obligatory service either as combatants or noncombatants both in times of peace and during war.

"2. To establish, maintain, and administrate schools and establishments of learning, and to teach and learn their religion and their language, which is German, without any restriction.

"ARTICLE II. The sale of alcoholic or intoxicating beverages is prohibited within a zone of five kilometers from the properties belonging to the Mennonite colonies unless the competent authorities of these colonies request the Government to permit such sale, and the Government accedes to the request.

"ARTICLE III. The following concessions are granted to the Mennonite colonies for a period of ten years from the arrival of the first colonist:

"1. The free entry of furniture, machinery, utensils, drugs, seeds, animals, implements, and, in general, of everything that may be necessary for the installation and development of the colonies.

"2. Exemption from all classes of national and municipal taxes.

"ARTICLE IV. No immigration law, or law of any other character, existing or that may be passed in future, shall impede the entrance of Mennonite immigrants into the country because of their age, or physical or mental incapacity."

Much sympathetic interest is being taken in this colonization, and Dr. Browning says that from a missionary standpoint the trek may have far-reaching consequences. The presence in Paraguay of such a large number of Protestant Christians, he writes, must inevitably influence those with whom they come in contact. We read further:

"The section of the country to which they go is far removed from the capital, and they will be surrounded by Indians, who have heretofore been considered dangerous and hostile to all attempts to reach them with civilization. The immigrating colonists are to be protected by troops sent by the Government, until such times as they are able to provide for themselves, and their presence in this hitherto unsettled region can not fail to have a strong influence on the civilizing and Christianizing of the native tribes."

THE GOLDEN RULE IN RACE RELATIONS

OCCASIONAL REPORTS OF PEONAGE and lynching in the South are relieved by pictures of cooperation between the two races which are usually lost sight of in the record of current events, but which will ultimately find a large place in permanent archives. The truth, we are told, is that the obstacles inherent in the race problem, and once believed to be insurmountable are vanishing under cooperative effort; if there are places where injustice is practised by the white man against his black brother, there are other places where the two live in peace. Madison County, Tennessee, is cited by James D. Burton, Secretary of the Interracial Commission, as a good example of what is being accomplished under the auspices of this cooperative movement. At Jackson, the county seat, Mr. Burton writes in *The Southern Agriculturist* (Nashville), the State Conference of Social Work has decided that no program of community betterment is complete that does not include the entire population, white and colored. The resolution drawn up by the white chairman of the Madison County Interracial Committee, says Mr. Burton, has caused public and private welfare agencies to consider the needs of an entire population when planning housing, sanitation, street improvement and lighting, recreation, child welfare, education, church, home, court justice, and rural development.

The plan of marketing in Madison County, we read on, has been improved through cooperation of the two races, resulting in greater profits. Banks have cooperated in aiding colored farmer boys in improving the soil and in growing crops. Colored agricultural and home demonstration agents are employed who make regular contact with the interracial committee. The colored rural-school exhibit this year was a big success because of cooperation. After some difficulty a Rosenwald consolidated school for four communities was established through the joint effort of the white and colored interracial committees. In addition, we learn that the two races cooperate in community-chest drives, that the woman's division of the interracial committee conducted a Better-Home Week, in which a model home for colored people, with furnishings loaned by the merchants of Jackson, was displayed, that at the annual colored fair the county health nurse cooperates with the woman's interracial committee, furnishing equipment for a booth and giving her services to the baby clinic. Of further importance:

"The Madison County interracial committee reports that no crimes have been committed in this county in years which would involve both races. The chair of the subcommittee on court justice reports no cases of injustice coming before it, that no discrimination has been practised by the courts because of race or color, that the colored people have a representative at the bar, and he asserts that he is given absolute justice and fairness, and that justice is not withheld from him because of his color.

"Obstacles which seemed to be in the way of cooperation of the races in Madison County in the beginning of this movement have in a large measure disappeared. Nothing sensational has developed, and it is evident that the two races have benefited materially. The venture has proven a success."

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- as if it were made especially *for her!*

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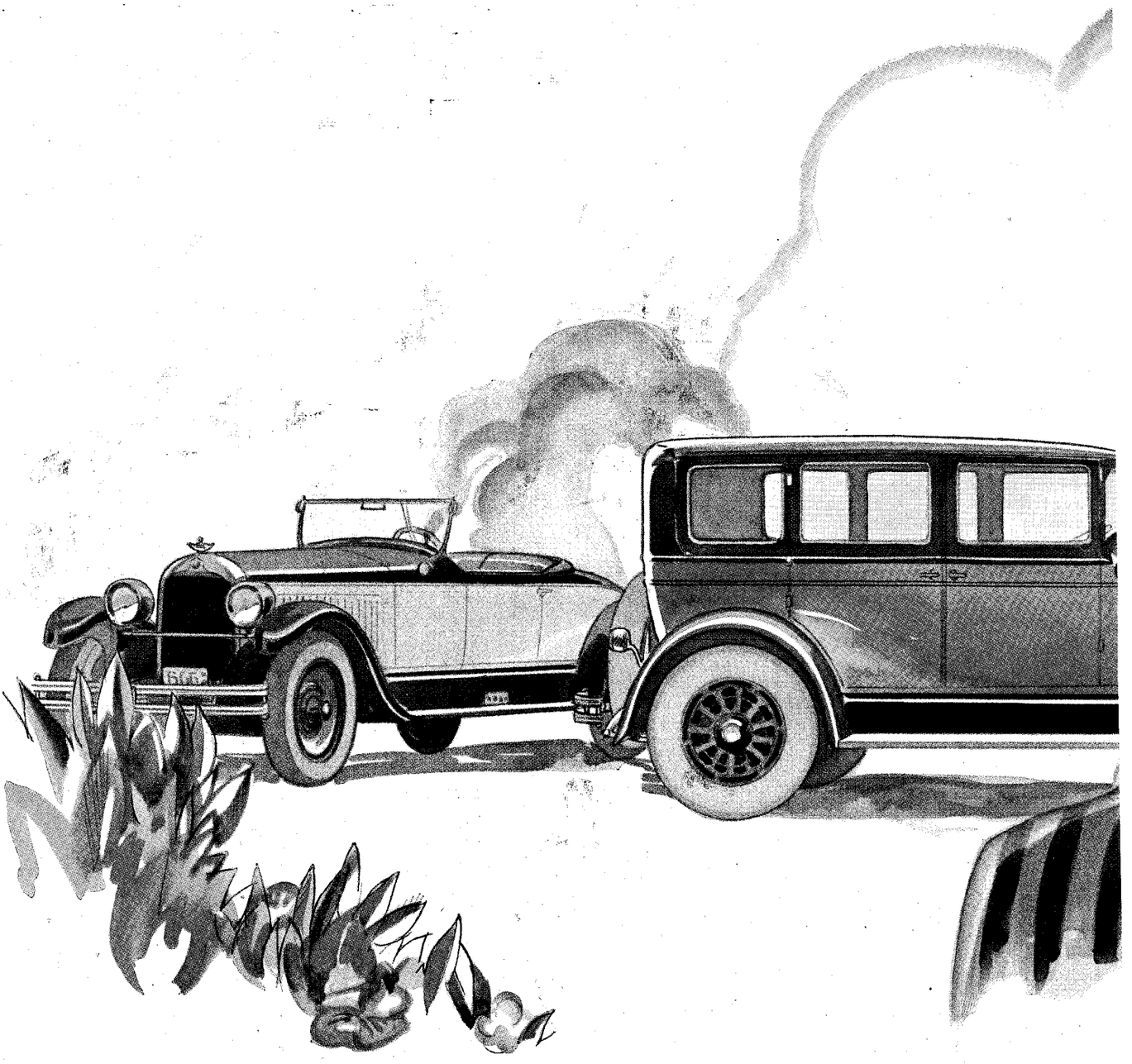

HUPMOBILE

8

THE DISTINGUISHED EIGHT

IN THE FINE CAR FIELD
THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY
TOWARD EIGHTS

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THE superiority of the eight as a type is plain; but clearer still is the superiority of the Hupmobile Eight among its kind. It stands out with startling distinctness. In Hupmobile, exterior beauty and interior luxury are builded upon the swift smoothness, the unequaled performance, and the ease which you can expect only from a fine straight eight. Custom bodies, created and built by Dietrich exclusively for this notable chassis, are available.

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He Can Prevent This Hidden Danger

Many childhood ills as well as troubles that ravage health in the years of maturity can be traced to infection of first teeth. So, to protect health, to insure sound second teeth, begin taking your children to the dentist at an early age. This precautionary measure pays rich dividends.

Why 4 out of 5 are penalized

The true worth of a healthy mouth cannot be computed in dollars and cents. It is far too precious.

Look around you. The faces of men and women you pass on the street reveal the appalling truth. Neglect is taking its toll in health. And 4 out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, are innocent victims of that grim foe—Pyorrhea.

At These Uneven Odds . . . Don't Gamble

What an insidious enemy it is! In its stealthy advance it leaves a trail of havoc. Its poison that forms at the base of teeth creeps through the body. Health is destroyed. Such really serious troubles as rheumatism, stomach disorders, anemia and facial disfigurement often follow.

Make sure that you and your children will never be among the unfortunate 4 out of 5. Two simple preventive measures will protect health. Let your dentist examine teeth and gums at least twice each year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, regularly, morning and night. Teach your loved ones this good habit.

This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, prevents Pyorrhea or checks its vicious course—if used regularly and in time. It firms gums; also it keeps teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay!

Don't wait for danger signals, for gums to become tender and to bleed, for teeth to loosen in their sockets. Prevention is far easier than cure. Be on the safe side and start using Forhan's for the Gums now.

It is unlike ordinary tooth pastes. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is health insurance that provides protection against this dread foe. At all druggists—in tubes, 35c and 60c.

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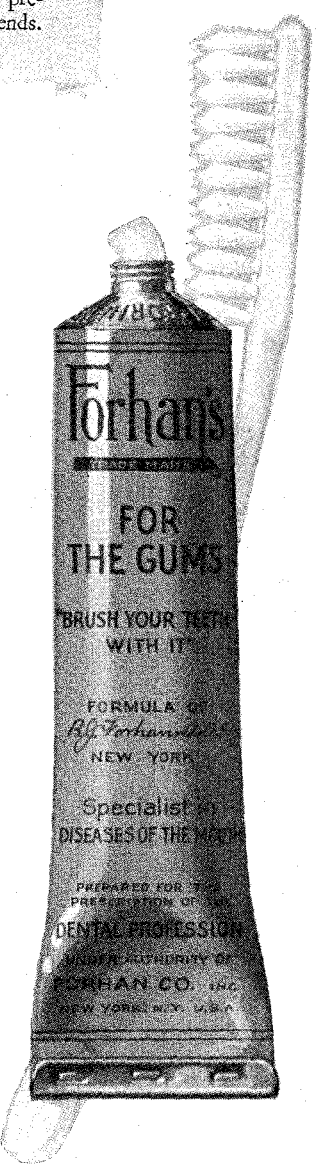
You Can Be Sure Of This

Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant does just what we promise for it. It safeguards mouth, nose and throat against oral infection and relieves unpleasant breath instead of concealing this embarrassing trouble behind a telltale odor. Thousands are now keeping breath sweet and fresh this sensible way. Try it. At all druggists—35c and 60c.

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE
..IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



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CURRENT · POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

TOO late to be included with the other Canada material on the celebration of the Golden Jubilee is this from the Ottawa *Citizen*—but not too late for quotation now:

"CANADA TRIUMPHANT"

By T. A. Browne

(Written on the Occasion of the Celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, July 1, 1927)

Called the great Soul of the Northland: Come unto me you who rule,
They who would plan for my greatness needs must attend in my school.
Vast are my dreams for the future here in my mighty domain,
They who would labor to mould me, let them now aid and sustain.

And they who ruled in the temples, labored and wrought for the good
Of those who reared them to honor, hearkened and understood,
And through days of stress and contention, came Union following storm,
And out of the Union a nation, I, a Dominion was born.

Long have I brooded and waited over my league vista'd lands,
Waiting the slow evolution, nursing my wide scattered bands,
Men from far lands and strange races sprung from the ends of the earth,
They came to me and I fed them, asking not station or birth.

Now breaks the dawn of fulfilment, now through the mists see arise
Splendors your dreams have recorded, sweet to the patriot's eyes.
Lo! 'tis the vision of greatness, prophetic, soul-stirring, grand,
All that you dreamed, Master Builders, all that I hoped for or planned.

Reaches that billow and beckon, pregnant with bounty and life,
Vistas of life-giving plenty, foreign to clamor and strife!
Cities that spring as by magic, fair, full of promise, they mould,
Rising in splendor and beauty, proud in their settings of gold.

Harbors o'erflowing with commerce where the proud galleons ride,
Weighted and straining like racers waiting the turn of the tide,
Legions of peaceful invaders, bearing no weapons that slay,
Eager, expectant, and joyful, entering under my sway.

Behold an edifice building out of the wealth of the Earth
By the Sons that I have nurtured, by men of different birth;
Building in love and in labor by men who are undismayed
By the storm and stress of seasons, undaunted and unafraid.

Behold an edifice rising over the land that God made,
August, eternal, majestic, reared by the ploughshare and spade,
Builded of granite and iron. of oak and gold and of steel,
A temple where all may worship, a temple where all may kneel.

The granite, the hearts undaunted, the oak and the gold fair deeds,
The steel and the iron, girders binding the different creeds,
The floors are the throbbing heart beats of men who love my sod
And the dome, the love of country and abiding faith in God.

Mine to the consummation, building in honor and peace,
To nationhood full proportioned, growing in splendid increase,
With East and West undivided, bearing my banner unfurled,
A Nation exultant and godly, spreading its light on the world.

THIS is the first poem we have seen of Mr. Braithwaite (tho we do not venture to say he hasn't written many), who culls them for the annual anthologies. It appears in *The Harp* (Larned, Kan.).

BY WAY OF FIRE

By William Stanley Braithwaite

I've come to think that by way of fire
Joy may be reached, and just as soon
As the invisible, swift heat of desire
May reach and embrace the moon.

And I've a thought, too, that ruin lays
A glittering road for Beauty to travel:
And at every cross-road the sign-post says
It's the miles behind you've got to unravel.

But the one thing I could never make out,
The legible and assumptive thrust
Of the wind that blows my passions about
And leaves but their shadows on the dust.

No church of London is better known to tourists than St. Martin's, where the bell at noontime still chimes for Nell Gwyn. From the New York *Times:*

ST. MARTIN'S IN THE FIELDS

By E. Leslie Spaulding

St. Martin's in the Fields! I love the name;
How many times I've passed the dull façade,
And, passing, just a casual glance have paid,
Until at length a certain Sunday came

When I dropped in to rest a little while,
Climbed to a gallery by a staircase small,
Ensconced myself within an empty stall,
Looked down upon a thickly peopled aisle.

A little church it is, and old, so old,
No arching nave to lure the eye above,
A low and friendly roof to keep in love,
Great doors to shut out marsh damp and the cold.

Built when old London Town was far away,
And Charing Cross a ferry on the Thames,
No carven pillars and no gleaming gems,
But just a quiet symphony in gray.

Time-blackened woodwork, rubbed and worn and smooth,
Plain, massive pews, and hard, bare kneeling stools—
The builders were not anybody's fools—
Too hard a seat precludes a quiet snooze.

Hard though they were, they did not quite prevent
My dreams of days when all these streets were grass,
While now without the roaring buses pass;
Yet still the people keep the same old Lent.

When man is obstinate, then Nature yields;
We need but to look back and see again
The village people coming up the lane
To worship in St. Martin's in the Fields.

SATIRICAL verse is not wholly dead in this day, and the energy of the class here addrest by *The Nation and Athenæum* (London) will withstand worse buffets:

HOW IT LOOKS TO A REACTIONARY

By Macflecknoe

Our young intellectuals heard with disgust
Such words as, "You ought to," "You shouldn't," "You must,"
And a greater than they seemed a notion so odd
That they passed resolutions, abolishing God.

Now before they abolished Him, God had created
The male and the female, foredoomed to be mated;
And the female careerist's impatient of checks,
So they passed resolutions abolishing sex.

But sex, though abolished in all occupations,
Had a knack of recurring in human relations;
Attempts to restrain it were fruitful of quarrels,
So they passed resolutions abolishing morals.

What really annoyed them, or so one collects,
Was that causes still went on producing effects
(Like the wages of sin in Victorian tracts);
So they passed resolutions abolishing facts.

They abolished in verses the meter and rhyme,,
In sculpture the form, and in music the time;
And as courtesy seemed to them bourgeois and flat
They passed resolutions abolishing that.

Time brings its revenges! I hear them deplore
That all they've abolished goes on as before.
When the lesson strikes home, will they settle their schisms
By one last resolution, abolishing "isms"?

As a supplement to the Baedecker, travelers to London this year may take this guide from the London *Outlook:*

LINES FROM A CHARABANC

By Shane Leslie

From Paddington the charabanker spins
Down Praed, the Street of Seven Shabby Sins,
To Lord's, with asphodel and asphalt sowed,
And thence to meet the Marylebone Road,
Where Madam Tussaud and Queen Charlotte reign;
That Queen of Babes, that waxen Chatelaine.
Past Harley Street we travellers hold our breath
As though in shadow of the Vale of Death,
And glimpse where London's College and Madonna
To distant Gower Street do double honour.
Comes Regent Street like London's own White Way;
The Street that ends in Swan began in Jay.
We pass the people's play-Pavilion,
And rammed by 'Bus, torpedoed by each pillion;
Shoot Piccadilly, where the Royal Ritz
On parvenus like Hotel Mayfair spits.
We've passed the Street, of which all fair are fond,
Whose gilt-edged name presumes the Bond;
Where Truefitt, Cartier and Aeolian Hall
Combine three Arts to make Luigi's Ball.
Past spacious planes that catch both sun and souse
From Berkeley's social Square and Selfridge House,
In Mount Street visitors will duly find
Eno's or Jesuits to suit their mind;
And thence, as though the Medici were come again,
We view the rising splendours of Park Lane,
Though prouder Cumberland's Great Place than starch
Because it claims a ghost and Marble Arch. . . .

. . . . .

(Here we hit a house.)

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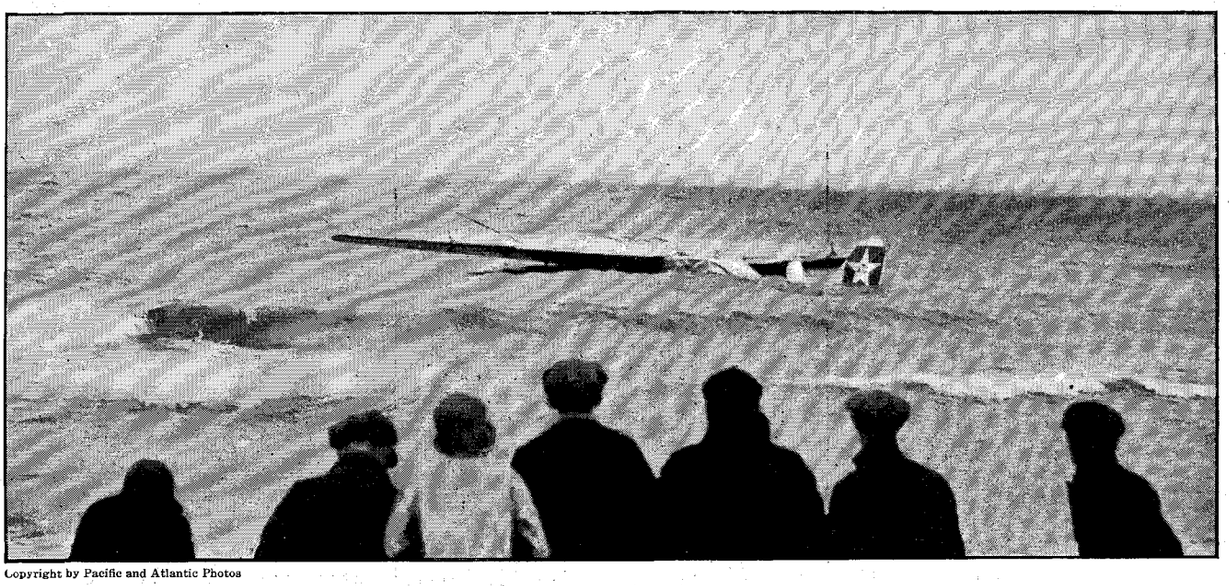
PERSONAL GLIMPSES



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BAFFLED WINGS! THE UNLUCKY *AMERICA*, AS SHE LAY CRIPPLED OFF THE NORMANDY SHORE

One of the first batch of photographs to reach this country after the forced landing of Commander Byrd and his crew at Ver-sur-Mer. The photographers reached the scene quickly enough to catch the villagers staring at the strange craft that daylight had revealed.

"DICK" BYRD AS A MERCURY OF MODERN FLYING SCIENCE

NEXT—THE SOUTH POLE! And after that, what new and perilous enterprise to tempt the vaulting spirit of our tireless Byrd of passage? Already he has mapped out a rough program: to soar across the Arabian Desert, the Brazilian jungle—in fact, wherever danger, mystery, and virgin remoteness baffle the ken of civilization this Byrd aspires to fly, a Mercury of modern science armed with all the precise equipment of research. For there are two Richard Byrds, the adventurer and the scientist—the adventurer who, at the age of twelve, set out from Virginia by himself and made a trip around the world; the scientist who devised the bubble-sextant, sun-compass, drift-indicator and other instruments which have "revolutionized aviation." No wonder we read that "the United States has had good fortune on her side in the character of the men who have made these pioneer flights from New York to Paris." Mr. Wilbur Forrest makes this remark in a Paris cable to the New York *Herald Tribune*. He adds that Lindbergh (the unforgetable pioneer of all!) was taken straight into the hearts of the French "because of his fresh, youthful modesty and, above all, because of his engaging smile. Commander Byrd, more mature, handsome and the perfect type of officer and gentleman, has won France as greatly as Lindbergh did. His crew—Lieut. George O. Noville, Bert Acosta, and Bernt Balchen—have been a perfect background for him. Rough-and-ready Noville, big, dashing Acosta, and that little hunk of Northern granite, Balchen—all have missed no occasion here to tell what a great fellow and valiant man their commander is." In fact, exclaims the correspondent:

> The whole thing from every aspect has been something beautiful—these four men bound together by the affection which only Byrd's good qualities could weld. Paris has embraced all four of them as the purest gold and has learned from them, as from Lindbergh, what America is: Byrd the Virginian gentleman; Noville, with the hardy blood of France in his veins; Acosta, who recalls Cortez in the days of Spain's greatness, and Balchen, the Viking. There is little wonder that huge crowds have flocked everywhere they have gone in Paris. There is little wonder that the French Government honored their leader with the cross of an officer of the Legion of Honor and that the municipality of Paris to-day gave them an honor usually given only to kings and premiers.
>
> Many believed that after Lindbergh left Paris there would never be another reception to an aviator here equaling his. But along came this erect figure in navy white with a charming personality seconded by the characters of his crew. France has again showered every honor, and Frenchmen believe that they know America better than they have at any time in history.

Commander Byrd's great feat in flying over the north pole had already made him an international figure, of course; and now it appears to some writers that the American people as a whole have not yet realized what an accomplished hero of chivalry they have in this fearless and modest knight errant of the air. It is suggested that the psychology of "Dick" Byrd will become a more and more absorbing subject for study. And now comes a writer who appears to have penetrated the Commander's well-bred reserve and won a glimpse of the man within. Writing in his New York *Sun* column, Mr. Robert H. Davis tells of a recent meeting with this "tourist of the atmospheres," and goes on:

> His are reluctant lips, from which speech comes with deliberation. Trained in a school of mathematical accuracy, his conversation is direct and lucid. The same instinct for direction that has marked his flight over the world manifests itself in his vocal communications.
>
> Physically he suggests a delicate instrument fabricated to the point of frailty. If one chooses to regard him as a product of evolution it is easy to conceive that in the remote past he might have been a frigate bird winging his way on the gales across the seven seas. Even in repose he seems prepared for flight; leaning forever forward into the wind. In action he is Annapolis personified, erect, alert, eager. His eyes are binocular, apparently penetrating to horizons beyond human vision.
>
> From his high, Anglo-Saxon, slightly sloping forehead the hair ripples in wave-lengths that might well have been the offspring of a steady west wind blowing fair upon him from infancy; a buoyant creature born in the breeze. He was fashioned for this generation of flyers, and his pinions are poised for the air.
>
> But there are two Byrds in that one body. A realist and a dreamer; a conqueror of the clouds of the earth, a commuter in the realm of great imagination. With one inadvertent question I stript him of his aviator's plumage. He fell with

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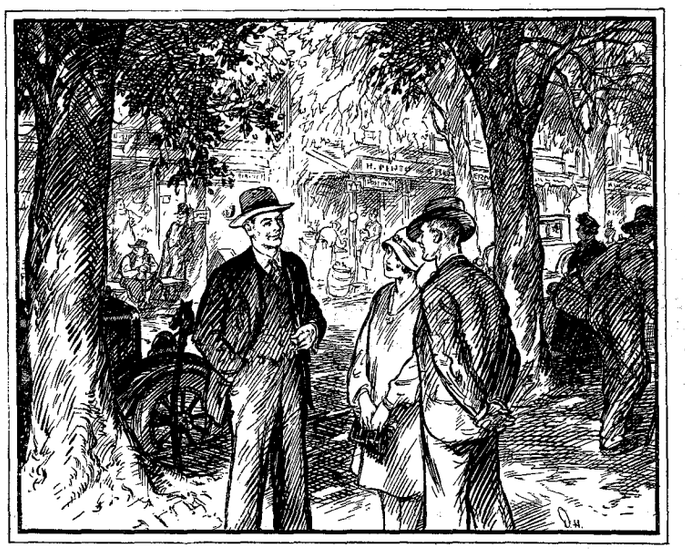
The American Scene



TODAY, HE IS A BANK CLERK IN A SMALL TOWN. TOMORROW, THE NEWSPAPER WILL ANNOUNCE HIS APPOINTMENT AS AN OFFICIAL IN A BANK

On Fifth Avenue he strides confidently through the crowd, head up, shoulders back, well-dressed and in love with life. You will meet him, also, on a farm in Iowa, on the shaded sidewalk of a New England village, on Market Street in San Francisco. In no case is his horizon measured by the town he happened to be born in, or his future occupation determined by his present.

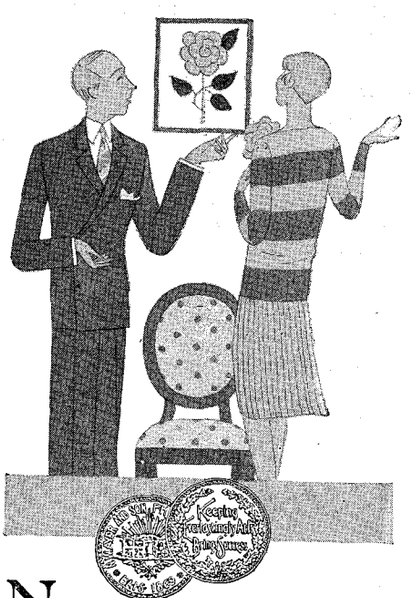
Yesterday he walked, or rode on street cars. Today he is planning to buy an automobile, and will drive a better one year after next. Soon he will be married; will furnish an apartment; in a few years more will own a home of greater comfort and in better taste. Today, he is a bank clerk in a small town. Tomorrow, the newspaper will announce his appointment as an official in a bank two thousand miles away. One day he is a farm hand, the next owner of one farm, two farms. He marches from salesman to sales manager to owner of the business.

He is an American living in the American Scene—hoping, reaching, climbing. Nothing is too good for him. He will not accept limitations for himself or his family. He welcomes news of any product or service that can make his living more complete, more colorful, more efficient.

In the aggregate, it is hard to overestimate his purchasing power. Population figures are merely suggestive. They leaped from 91,972,266 in 1910 to 105,710,620 in 1920. The increase in the last seven years is estimated at another thirteen million. National income grew from 20 billion in 1910 to 75 billion in 1927.

A more understandable estimate of the American's purchasing power is found in the number of new products he has welcomed and put to work. The luxuries of yesterday he accepts as necessities today. Automobiles, tiled bathrooms, radio, oil heating, electric refrigeration, the telephone, the talking machine—to mention only a few of them.

Appeal to him with news of a worthy product today and he will respond if he is able. Appeal to him again tomorrow, and he will be able. His purchasing power and his interest in life have meant success for countless businesses already flourishing. As surely they spell success for products yet to be put on the market, for businesses still in the realm of ideas and estimates and charts. . . . In the American Scene, to advertise or not to advertise is no longer the question, but merely how well—how effectively—can that advertising be done.



HE MARCHES
FROM SALESMAN TO SALES MANAGER
TO OWNER OF THE BUSINESS

SOON HE WILL BE MARRIED; WILL
FURNISH AN APARTMENT; IN A FEW YEARS
MORE WILL OWN A HOME

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK
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his feet on terra firma, among those who walk upward on the surface of the world.

"What," was the query, "were you thinking about when you crossed the pole in the air?"

For one transitory second the eaglet folded up his wings and dropt his fine dark eyes in humility. "Do you really want to know?" he answered, lifting his glance and recovering his calm. "I have not been asked that."

"Do you mind?"

"No." And then the real Byrd cast off his armor of reserve and addrest the earth-bound. "I thought of the infinitesimal proportions of mortal man, of the frailty of the atoms that occupy the spaces, of the limitations of those who have taken over the conduct of civilization. I caught for the first time, as in a flash of understanding, the inadequate results of the effort to solve not the enigmas of space and duration but the problems of mankind.

"At any point of the earth's circumference, at a given elevation, human vision encounters its limitations. The telescope amplifies a definite point, but the whole field of visibility, discernible to human eyes, is comparatively restricted. Beneath me lay a vast, silent, unoccupied field of snow and ice, varying in tone and without life. My knowledge of what existed beyond at every degree of the circle, plus my imagination, carried me into the temperate and tropical zones, the peopled places, the seats of empire, the scenes of turmoil and conquest, and the survival of the fittest. I saw armies and navies beyond the fringe of that arctic wilderness over which a metal mechanism designed by man was plunging onward."

P. & A photograph

A UNIQUE GROUP: LINDBERGH, BYRD, CHAMBERLIN

Now that all three have hopped the big pond, an uncommon interest attaches to this significant group, posed at Roosevelt Field before Lindbergh's flight.

Commander Byrd, in the throes of reflection, passed his hand across his forehead and lapsed into silence, from which he emerged presently as tho from a trance. He picked up the thread:

"I thought of the beginnings; the primitive past, the gradual development of man, the widely separated units that preyed upon one another, the readjustments that took place, and of which no records remain. At that time the passing of one group or another was of small significance, in no wise affecting the world as a whole. The little peoples were too far apart to feel the consequences of the minor obliterations. Slowly out of the chaos the units became interdependent, the races began to unite, the responsibilities of each increasing as the mutual interests expanded. Figuratively, the world became smaller and the sword longer. Each unit began to feel the effect of conflict. The gaps between countries disappeared; the strong came to the weak and possest them. Foreign armies conquered other lands. Flames were visible across the seas.

"War, destruction, hatred took the saddle at the peak of civilization. To-day a shot fired in any country is not only heard but felt around the world. The distant tread of soldiers shakes the whole globe, affects all its inhabitants, disorganizes all classes, saps the vitality of every nation. A declaration of war is an earthquake that racks both hemispheres. We have remade the world, ripped it asunder and remade it time and again.

We have improved and progressed and developed, but we have failed to make the most of ourselves. We have explored everything except our consciences. We are still a horde of pigmies, selfish, and envious, each striving for individual supremacy.

"We have come through the ages worshiping in our different ways the Supreme Being that best suits our multiplied faiths, but the sum total of our occupation of this shrinking planet is a pitiful demonstration of weakness. It is not the geographical but the moral limitations of the world that must be charted, and the really great explorers will be those who find the way to universal reconstruction, the first step in which is the abolition of war and the needless destruction of human life."

He was looking at me quite earnestly now.

"Those were the thoughts that occupied my mind May 9 as I flew over the north pole and on the way back to my native land."

It is an encouraging sign that Commander Byrd, who circled the globe in his twelfth year, and hovered over the top of the world when he was thirty-eight, should be thinking only of the future, and the reclamation of that which survives.

And now let us hear what Commander Byrd has to say about his south pole aspirations. We quote from one of his copyrighted signed articles in the New York *Times:*

Down in the antarctic regions there lies an area larger than the United States, which has never been explored. It is difficult to realize that there still remains on the face of the earth such an area about which practically nothing is known.

Those hundreds of thousands of square miles of which the south pole is the center have for years held my imagination. What might one find there? That is a question to which we shall seek a response, for the map of the world will be incomplete so long as that region remains uncharted, and man will not be satisfied until he knows what is there.

I plan to lead an antarctic expedition to explore that region. This will not be merely to the south pole; far from it. We shall stay there for months, perhaps for more than a year, in an effort to procure more scientific information than now exists about that unknown continent which lies on the south end of the earth. We

International Newsreel photograph

ONE OF BYRD'S INVENTIONS

Safety rather than speed is the key-note of this balloon-tired dreadnaught in which the inventor and his comrades paddled ashore. This photograph was made during a trial trip.

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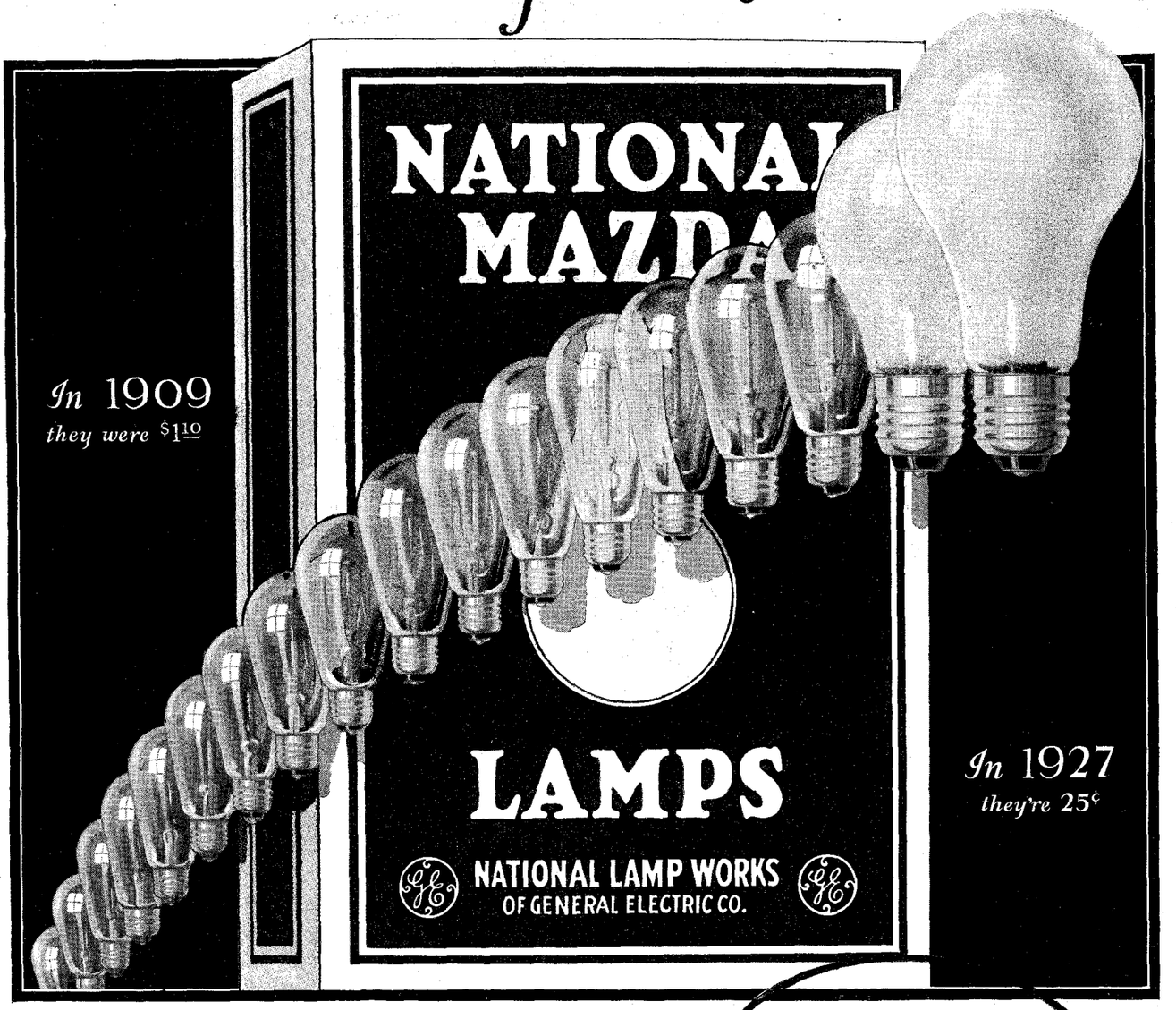

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Now a vastly better MAZDA Lamp, the climax of twenty years of improvements — and of successive price-reductions — is sold in your own neighborhood for 23 cents in the two most used sizes, 25 cents in the 50 and 60-watt. . . . So for little more than the price of *one* of the first MAZDA Lamps you can now have *a whole carton* (the Blue Convenience Carton, six lamps) of the NEW and better MAZDA Lamps. . . . The New Lamps are better than *any* MAZDA Lamps that have preceded them; they give more light, with less glare — thanks to the inside frost; they're rugged, easy to clean, better in every way. **25¢**

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expect to take with us about ten 'ologists—biologists, zoologists, ornithologists, meteorologists, and so on, as well as experts to study magnetic forces and fields around the south pole.

It is my theory that in the antarctic region there lies a great area of land not covered by snow.

In the antarctic summer, which is our winter, the Antarctic Continent is closer to the sun than is the arctic during its summer. On the lowlands of the antarctic it would be slightly warmer than on the lowlands of the arctic. In the arctic when the sun strikes the lowlands it melts the snow, and this would be the case at the north pole itself if it were lowland. It is only in the higher areas that there is perpetual snow. As yet such areas have not been discovered in the Antarctic Continent.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"FLYING DICK'S" BROOD OF NESTLING BYRDS

Eva, Katherine, and Richard, Jr., take a prodigious interest in their famous papa's flights, and make many experiments with the toy airplane which may be seen in Eva's hands.

As a matter of fact, there has been little exploration down there. This is true perhaps for two reasons: first, because the eyes of man have not turned toward the south pole as they have turned toward the north, and, secondly, because of the ice which surrounds it the south pole is somewhat more inaccessible.

The south pole itself is 10,000 feet high, and there have been two lines of march toward it—one made by Amundsen from one end of the great ice-barrier and the other made by Scott from the other side of this barrier.

Now this ice-barrier lies in the Ross Sea, south of New Zealand, and it is the best approach which has been discovered to the south pole itself, which lies quite a thousand miles away. It is either solid ice or snow, and has a great many creases. Scott and his companions on their return from the pole got within fifteen miles of their depot, where there was food, and a raging storm came up and held them to their portable tent until they starved and froze to death. As I shall explain, we are making plans which we believe will protect us from such a fate.

There is one great difference with respect to explorations in the north polar and south polar regions. In summer there are not many storms around the north pole, but in the south polar regions these storms spring up frequently and sometimes with terrific violence. Therefore, aviators who attempt to conquer the south pole should have knowledge of meteorology themselves and should take along the best meteorologists available.

The great antarctic ice-barrier ranks as one of the natural wonders of the world, says Commander Byrd, and he gives its dimensions as 400 miles wide, 200 miles deep toward the pole and 200 feet thick, "a solid hunk of ice which some scientists, including Amundsen, think rests upon ground." Continuing:

We hope to accomplish our mission in two trips. The first one will be a preliminary expedition. I am not yet ready to announce definitely when we will leave, but probably the earliest date at which the barrier could be reached would be the first part of September.

The expedition will leave the United States some time in the fall, going by way of New Zealand to the ice which lies north of the Ross Sea at that time of the year. Then we would have to drive through the ice in which many ships have gone down.

We expect to have a personnel comparable to that of the arctic expedition, about half a hundred men. We hope to take two planes, one of which will be a three-engine plane and the other a one-engine plane. Both of them can be equipped with pontoons necessary to fly from the water over snow, where the pontoons can be changed to skis.

The smaller airplane will be used for reconnaissance work, and notably for finding landing-places for the larger plane. I am very glad to have had the experience I got on our two expeditions into the arctic regions, because that enabled me to learn something about flying from the snow with skis.

We expect to take with us some dog-team drivers and half a hundred or so dogs, with sleds. These will be utilized to haul supplies from the edge of the ice up to our main base, to help put down bases along the route to the pole, and to allow scientists to go off on sub-expeditions of their own in different directions.

It is thought that the attack on the south polar region would not be so hazardous if bases were put down every hundred miles, because in case of the forced landing of the planes we could walk from base to base and thus get back to safety.

So far as known, there is no food whatever in the Antarctic Continent, whereas there are some seal and polar bear in parts of the Polar Sea. Also there is considerable game in the north polar region. But it is only on the fringe of the Antarctic Continent that food can be procured. There are to be found birds, seal, and whale, but no polar bear.

On this preliminary expedition we will probably go down to the ice-barrier on a whaling ship. On our first trip to Etah, the northernmost Eskimo village in the world, the base from which Peary used to attack the north pole, which lies only about 1,750 miles away, we had to buck considerable ice as late as July, and did not reach Etah until August 1.

This meant that we had less than a month for operations, as before September open water began to freeze around the seaplanes. If we reach the ice-barrier the first part of September, as we expect to do, we will have until the first of March for operations.

We should then be able to get enough information and put down enough bases to be able to penetrate far into the Antarctic Continent the following summer season. In this case, and I can not be at all certain about it, we may not have to spend down there the great antarctic night, which lasts about six months. We will, however, go prepared to stay about a year and a half.

This means that we shall require the warmest of fur clothing for the personnel, such as reindeer parkas, polar-bear or reindeer-skin pants, sealskin and reindeer-skin boots, and sealskin or reindeer-skin mittens. We will also have to be sure to have the proper kind of food, which will avoid giving us scurvy, the great enemy of arctic explorers.

More than 1,000 men have lost their lives in trying to reach the north pole, and a considerable percentage of these died from scurvy. Now that aviation is available for explorers, I believe the south pole and the Antarctic Continent will be conquered with very much smaller toll of life.

We believe it is advisable to combine airplane with foot and dog team exploration in the antarctic region. These two should work very well together.

Of course, during our exploring we hope to reach the south pole with our plane. This may be a little difficult, because at that altitude in that region the air is so rarefied that it makes landings more difficult. And since the south pole is land, we hope to stay there a day or two for scientific observation.

From the bases for dog teams and planes, which we plan to lay down every 100 miles or so on the route to the pole, we will work out to the right and left.

Our exploration by plane ought to be thrilling, for as soon as we get a few thousand feet in the air we will be able to look down on regions never before seen by a human being, and that is where the explorer gets his big kick.

What will we find? That is hard to answer. What did those who explored the United States find? Of course, much of the region there is probably covered with snow, but my theory is that some of it is not.

As for personnel, there will be with me many of my shipmates of the north pole expedition—Floyd Bennett, my coleader; then Noville and Balchen, who are with me now; Mulroy and Demas, who helped us prepare this present expedition, and who were with us in the arctic; Sorensen, who was with us on our first expedition, and Pedersen, who was with us on our second, and others.

The planes for this trip are now nearing completion and plans

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Photographs by courtesy of the Baltimore *Sun*

MISTRESS EVELYN BYRD

Romantic was the story of this eighteenth century kinswoman of the Commander's, here portrayed by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

have been completed for the ship we will use. The expedition will be in many respects one of the most novel expeditions which ever nosed its way into the regions of ice.

All of which would seem to prove that peril and hardship are meat and drink to Commander "Dick" Byrd, and also to his devoted subordinates and comrades, who, equally with him, were lucky to escape with their lives when the *America* splashed out of the fog into the water off Ver sur Mer. The Commander's naval record includes upward of seventeen citations for "service performed over and above the call to duty." Four of these were for bravery, including two for "extraordinary heroism in saving lives." In a sketch of his career *The Times* tells us:

Commander Byrd is one of three famous brothers—soldier, statesman and explorer—who are known to their friends as "Tom, Dick, and Harry." Harry is Gov. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia. Tom is Capt. Thomas B. Byrd, who distinguished himself in the World War, and is now one of the largest apple growers in Maryland. Dick is the commander of the *America*.

The Commander was born in Winchester, Virginia, the son of Richard Evelyn Byrd, a prominent Virginia attorney, and Elinor Bolling Flood Byrd. His mother said once that he had been "born an adventurer and explorer, absolutely without fear." In 1901, when he was twelve years old, he said good-by to his parents and boarded a train at Richmond to set out alone on a voyage around the world. He went first to Manila, capital of the Philippine Islands, where Capt. Adam C. Carson, a friend of his father, was a United States Circuit Judge.

Before the Spanish-American War Captain Carson had been a frequent visitor at the law office of Byrd's father. The youngster and Captain Carson became fast friends, and young Byrd followed his friend's war career with keen interest, even to putting on a much too large Lieutenant's uniform and marching with Captain Carson's company when it paraded before President McKinley in Washington on its return from the war. It was Captain Carson's appointment to the judgeship in Manila that caused the youngster to start out to see the world, with Manila as his first stop.

The boy had some exciting adventures in the islands, as the natives had not been thoroughly pacified in 1902, and as living conditions there were much more primitive than they are now. He was exposed to cholera and had to be quarantined with several others on a hilltop on one of the smaller islands. The natives refused to risk contagion by bringing food to the quarantined foreigners, so young Byrd's diet consisted chiefly of carrots and monkeys caught by his companions. He did not contract the disease.

Young Byrd completed his trip around the world by taking a British tramp schooner which allowed him to visit Japan, Ceylon, India, Port Said, and other places, and which aroused in him an interest in the sea and in navigation during long weeks on the slow-moving tramp. On returning home he entered a military academy and then went to Annapolis.

In 1916, as a junior officer, Byrd stept on a nail in the course of his duties and received an infection which made one foot stiff. He was retired from active service and was placed on the navy retired list for disability, but he continued to perform the actual service of an officer on active duty. In 1922 a special act of Congress promoted him to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander, which he would have attained in the ordinary course had not his nominal retirement prevented his promotion in the usual course.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THE YOUNG EXPLORER

Long before he dreamed of polar or ocean flights this portrait of "Dick" Byrd was enshrined in the family album.

Byrd organized the Navy Department's commission on training camps in 1917, and the following year was sent to Canada to command the United States naval forces in Canadian waters. Meanwhile he had learned to fly, and after the war he devoted all his time and energy to aviation and aerial navigation.

Several years ago he formed the twin ambition of flying across the north pole in an airplane and making a transatlantic flight. Last year he became the first man to fly an airplane over the north pole, and several years ago he might have been the first man to make the Atlantic flight had not the Navy Department at that time refused to grant permission for him to make such an attempt. He also volunteered to fly from England to America in the *ZR-2*, and was in England when the dirigible was wrecked.

When the Navy decided to fly the NC planes across the Atlantic via the Azores, Byrd promptly volunteered his services. He wished to participate in the actual flight, but instead was selected to organize the navigation work. In the course of these duties he invented the bubble sextant, which was used by the NC planes for the first time in an important flight.

Commander Byrd was flight leader of McMillan's expedition to Greenland in 1923. He took with him as his chief aid and assistant pilot, Floyd Bennett, who later flew with him across the pole and would have been his pilot on the transatlantic trip except for the accident in April, when the *America* overturned when landing after its factory test flight at Teterboro Airport, Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, and when Bennett's leg was broken. On the McMillan expedition Byrd and Bennett flew more than 6,000 miles over the dreary stretches of Greenland.

That "Dick" Byrd inherited some of his enterprising qualities from his early Virginia

WILLIAM BYRD II

Another Kneller portrait. A family likeness to this ancestor may be traced in the features of Commander Byrd.

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THAT chap you turn to look at on the street—head up, shoulders back, sure of himself in his fresh, crisply creased clothes. Who can doubt that *his* silent partner takes pride in her home and in her husband? That sort of woman, obviously, who helps boost a man up the ladder of Success *two rungs at a time!*

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Next time say

Williams Shaving Cream *please!*

Afterwards, a dash of Aqua Velva. FREE sample of this, too, if you say so on your postal.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

ancestors is suggested by Allyn B. Tunis, who tells us in the Baltimore *Sun:*

William Byrd I, founder of the house in America, a most astute man of affairs, came to Virginia in 1674, and his son, the second William, born the same year, proved one of the best-rounded, most brilliant personages of Colonial times. He was called William Byrd II, and the name of the father always was dimmed in contrast to that of his famous son. He had an aristocratic connection in England, where he was educated. In accordance with the times, he pursued a gay life in London. He seems to have been a welcome guest at the pleasure-loving court ruled by George II.

However, when his father died, in 1704, he returned to Virginia and took possession of the plantation of Westover, on the James River, where he laid the foundation of one of the greatest fortunes in the Colony.

From the first William Byrd he inherited 26,231 acres of land with ample means to maintain it, and when, in 1706, he married Lucy Parke, daughter of the Governor of the Leeward Isles, a goodly sum was added to his possessions.

William Byrd's first sorrow came in the death of his wife, which occurred in London in 1716, leaving to him the care of two little girls.

From that time until 1726 he remained abroad; his daughter, Evelyn, was the reigning belle at the Court of St. James, and his intimates were those of the highest nobility. To crown all this, in 1724 he married Maria Taylor, an English heiress, and two years later came back to Virginia, where he spent the balance of his days. He died in 1744, at the age of seventy years.

William Byrd II was, unquestionably, the most conspicuous figure of Colonial days. Not only was he Receiver-General of His Majesty's Revenues, but was three times appointed Public Agent to the Court of Great Britain, finally being made President of the Virginia Council.

Politically he stood supreme; socially, he was the arbiter, and intellectually, he was gifted far beyond the majority of his day. No scholar could write better English than William Byrd, as is proved in his journal known as "The Westover Manuscripts."

He was an ardent agriculturist as well as a keen sportsman, and he was as good a patriot as he was courtly cavalier.

The time-stained marble which marks his resting-place under the oaks of Westover tells in mossy letters that he was born to one of the amplest fortunes in the country, that he "made happy proficiency in polite and various learning," and was known for his "wit, virtue, birth or high station, and particularly contracted a most intimate and bosom friendship with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery."

On the other side is hewn that he was called to the bar of the Middle Temple, visited the Court of France, and was made a member of the Royal Society.

A little kingdom was left behind as a result of his accumulations, for his estate had grown to about 180,000 acres crowned with one of the richest mansions in America.

William Byrd's treatment of his favorite child, Evelyn, even yet is held up as the one great bit of condemnation against him. That he loved her, there is no more doubt than that he was intensely proud of her, and yet, for some reason, he withheld from her the one great happiness she craved, forcing upon her a broken heart and an early grave.

Evelyn was born in 1708 at Westover, and tho other children came to him, it was always this beautiful daughter who held first place in his heart. When she was eight years old her father had her taken to London. After as good a schooling as could be gained in Europe, Evelyn Byrd, at sixteen, made her initial bow before George II, and became the toast of two worlds.

There is more than one story of the love affair that brought so soon to a close the life of Evelyn Byrd. The most probable version of all seems that in which Charles Mordaunt, grandson and heir of the Earl of Peterborough, figures. Mordaunt was noble, manly, handsome; Evelyn Byrd was aristocratic, wealthy, beautiful, and had drawn the eyes of the world toward her. In the match the smart world, with one exception, seems to have seen perfection. That exception was William Byrd II.

Tho William Byrd and Lord Peterborough had been stanch friends, something came to pass which changed them into the bitterest enemies; some say it was cards, others religion, and again a darker reason is hinted. Be that as it may, William Byrd refused to sanction the love affair, and regardless of the triumphs she was leaving, brought his daughter back to Westover to die of a broken heart.

TRAILING YELLOWSTONE POACHERS WITH PISTOL AND SKI

A WILDERNESS pirate locally known as Scotty the Horse Thief is setting out to steal buffalo calves from the protected herds in Yellowstone Park. Scotty thinks he has a brilliant idea. His horse is shod backward—with the toe of each shoe pointing toward the animal's tail. But it is part of the duty of forest rangers to see through such tricks and bring such poachers to justice. Scotty goes in upon his backtracking horse and steals a few calves, but promptly comes up against the guns of a pair of rangers on his trail, and pays the penalty, as Robert H. Moulton relates in the July issue of *Success Magazine*. Even the blacksmith who reversed the horse's shoes for double pay, we learn, is undergoing punishment for his part in the crime.

Still more dramatic is the example of forest-ranger service in the Yellowstone wilds which Mr. Moulton tells in these words:

"Look for Hombre on Heart River and report," read the brief message from the chief ranger.

"Shorty" Horton, member of the Yellowstone detachment of National Forest Rangers, carefully extinguished the last embers of his camp-fire, mounted his horse and rode away into the darkness. Three weeks later his report lay before the chief ranger. It read:

"Hombre reported trapping on Heart River south of the lake. Went after him Met him coming out on a little flat along the Snake. Ordered him to pitch up. Instead, he jumped for cover, while I dropt comfortable behind a boulder. Showed top of my hat and started him shooting.

"After his seventh came a lull, and to me

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a hunch that he had missed count and pumped his repeater dry. Went over the rock and got a sure-enough drop on him. Should have done that at first. My mistake. He was plumb out of cartridges. More fool him. Handcuffed him and made camp.

"In night he tried to brain me with ax, but I wasn't sleeping, as proved. My gun persuaded him that we didn't want such a greasy fire as I'd have made, nohow. Results—one prisoner, minded to confess—twenty prime beaver hides—twenty-five traps, found hid in his flour.

"All of which I have the honor to report."

Not many superfluous words in that recital of facts, no playing to the official gallery, no heroics. The ranger's one "mistake" is freely admitted. Credit is given to his hunch rather than his courage when the time came to go over the top of that protecting rock. The only stress apparent is laid on results—the man, the skins, the traps. It is typical of the reports of clashes between the rangers and poachers who have been caught "dripping," and reflects the character of the force of men who guard Uncle Sam's national parks.

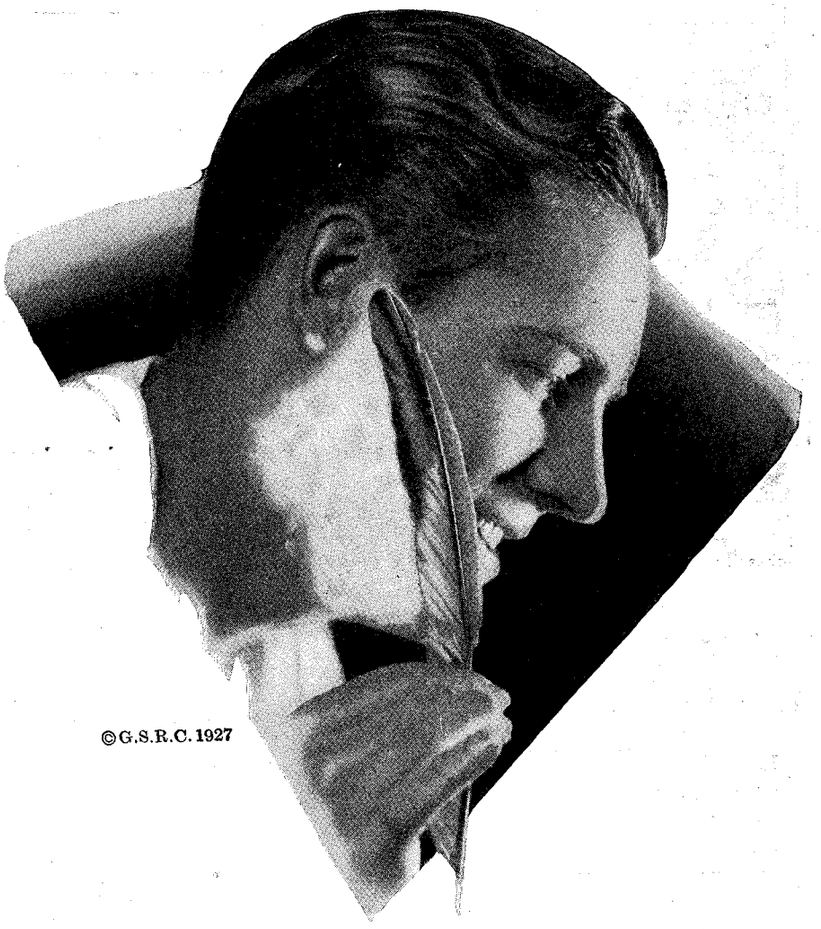
Eighty thousand tourists or more, we are told—most of them in their own automobiles—come in touch with the rangers of the Yellowstone every summer, many to be helped by them, some to be cautioned, and a few to be brought to punishment for the public weal. Nearly every visitor carries away a favorable impression of the men who do so much to make travel safe; and on bitter nights last winter, around many a hearth, we are reminded, "there was thought for the welfare of the lonely spread-eagle men on ski patrol, sliding the boundary trails from station to snowshoe cabin and back again, that poachers may be kept out and game protected." The narrative continues:

In a way, the National Park Service is the youngest of governmental agencies. It was uniformed for the first time only a few years ago, when it finally succeeded the regular army in policing our national playgrounds. Yet it inherits from the scout organization upon which it was founded traditions of veteran bravery, annals of sacrifice for game protection.

Patterned somewhat after the Northwest Mounted Police of Canada, taking example from the Texas Rangers of the Rio Grande, but with an individuality of its own beyond the use of skis and motorcycles, the service, with the passing years, has gradually become as powerful an arm of the law as either of the older bodies.

These men, wearing uniforms of neutral green wool with dark bronze buttons, know what it is to spend a good share of their time camping in the woods, fishing and hunting. Yet they seldom enjoy the comforts to which the ordinary sportsman is accustomed, and they must be men to whom the city's call is never any temptation—men who can stand to be away from fellow human beings for days, weeks, even months at a stretch, and who find the very loneliness of the life fascinating. The pay is not great; the compensation is in the gratification of a passion for the great trees and the clean winds that whisper among the boughs, the untrammeled wilderness, the deep silences.

One ranger in Idaho lives almost altogether in a canoe, paddling his silent way



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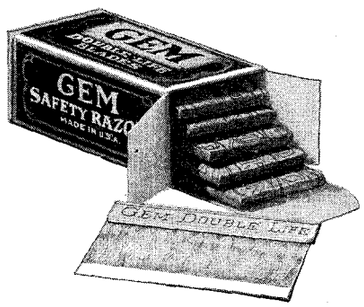

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Buried Treasure *for the* Summer Traveler

"Pieces of Eight on a dead man's chest" was the old song of the pirates who buried their treasure.

"Walking the Plank" was often the gay finale of a travel trip in those days of bulky Spanish doubloons—the blue sky overhead, blue water beneath, the usual colorful setting.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

along the shores of a big lake during the long months of summer and fall. For his meal he lures a trout from the water and fries it with his bacon. At night he camps alone beneath the stars.

Many of the rangers are former cowboys—men who see endless possibilities in the conviction that they are doing much for coming generations. We read further:

A few men are engaged just for the summer months because their worth as woodsmen is well known. They become rangers for a brief season each year because of their intense love for the wild, open life which they can lead. They are professional men at home: lawyers, physicians, authors. Conspicuous among the latter is Lew Sarett, one of the oustanding poets of America and a professor at Northwestern University. Altho only thirty-six, he is the author of three books, "Many, Many Moons," "The Box of God," and "Slow Smoke," which have created something of a sensation in literary circles. He is generally recognized as the greatest living interpreter of the American Indian. He is peculiarly fitted for the strenuous work of the ranger, having spent many years in the North Woods as a guide and teacher of woodcraft.

Three years ago he was offered a contract by a certain renowned Chautauqua which called for six hundred dollars a week for twelve weeks of lecturing during the summer months. And altho, as he said, he needed the money badly, he turned the offer down and accepted a job as ranger in Glacier National Park.

"As a forest ranger," he told me, "I would receive only a hundred dollars a month and my board. But the job also meant that I'd get away from stuffy lecture-halls on hot summer nights, back to the mountains, the glaciers, the pines; back to my old friends the grizzlies, the bobcats, the porcupines, the birds; away from cantaloups and grapefruit for breakfast, maybe, but to fried trout and flapjacks of my own cooking in the open. Yes, sir, if I didn't have a family to take care of, I guess I'd be a ranger all the year 'round. It's the greatest life I know of. That's how it gets into your blood."

But, ideal life for the man of just the right temperament tho it may be, it is not all play. The forest ranger must know his arithmetic well. He must see that the growth of timber is not injured by injudicious cutting. He must select the trees to be cut, and he must be able to scale the timber at the mill, to see that cutting in excess of contract is not being done. And always—always, night and day, there is a terror for which he must be waiting, watching, ready—the dread forest fire.

Here Mr. Moulton gives us a word-picture of what happens when the forest is swept by fire:

Monster tongues of flame lash to a height of 100 feet above the ground, sometimes even 200 feet above the ground. The first hot breath will climb until the quiet of the autumn day is lapped into roaring winds. Its appetite is whetted by resin and turpentine, and its forked tongues flash out in every direction to span rivers and even lakes.

If the scene could be contemplated calmly there would be something grand and fascinating in so terrible a spectacle. The flames dash from treetop to treetop as beacon lights flashing along a distant shore. The fires climb giant firs with the rapidity of a lightning flash. Cinders descend in great showers, and sparks shoot from the blazing forest like rockets. The flames rush through the woods with the roar of artillery and the fury of a wild thing. Otherwise the woods seem strangely silent, as if deserted by all animal life. And it is well, for nothing could live in that pathway of flames. Here and there a belated settler dashes out of the smoke and blaze, into the road, and joins in the flight toward safety; but as a rule every one has gone long before. Everything has been turned over to the flames to do with as they please.

Whatever its cause, the faintest pillar of smoke in the sky is the cry of alarm that calls the forest rangers into action. And the rôle of the forest fighter is quite different from that of the city fireman. There is no clanging bell, no spectacular rush through busy streets. No applause comes to his ears as he makes his way, as best he can, to the scene of the fire. Arrived there, a hand-to-hand conflict is on between the ranger and such of his comrades as have also reached the spot, and the fire-demon. Using gunny-sacks, coats, whatever there is at hand, the men go after the fire and try to beat it out. Dirt, if it is loose, is dug up and hurled upon the creeping foe. High trenches are dug ahead of the enemy in its direct line of march and the fight is made doggedly over these trenches. If these measures fail, a trench is dug some distance ahead of the fire, and the trees cut down for a space twenty feet wide. Then a backfire is set near enough to the advancing fire for the back draft to bring the two together and cause them to burn out. It may take days before the fire is overcome. Then it will be just the luck of the tired, blistered ranger if another blaze breaks out in another part of the preserve, but the ranger never complains.

When the summer tourists come in hordes, the ranger is asked for advice on every conceivable subject. He becomes a bureau of information as to trains, camping places, fishing-holes, where the game is, about the weather, and so on. The *Success Magazine* writer continues:

The forest reserves are full of game and fish, and the ranger must use every precaution against malicious violation of the laws that would soon make the reserves empty of game and wild animals.

The ranger has to make roads and trails, fences and corrals. He must build and maintain telephone lines; be able to wear snowshoes; to pack a pack animal with any kind of load; to cook his own meals anywhere, under any condition, or go without them; to lie down on the ground and sleep in spite of cold or storm; to subsist, on occasions, on the scantiest food on his trips up and down the rough mountainsides. He must know how to ride, how to chop, to build a log house, construct a camp, take care of his horse, be able to travel about in unsurveyed, untracked, unmarked wilderness without getting lost. He must cut trails, blast rocks, make fills, build bridges; in fact, be his own contractor, laborer, lumberman, architect, brick mason, and carpenter. He lives in a log-house which he builds, with a corral and shack for his horses near by.

Toward autumn, when the tang of approaching winter comes, he must hurry to get provisions in before the trail snows up

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and becomes impassable. The ends of the work must be caught up, and then, when the snow does lie deep and the great forests are silent, he must put on his webs, take a few days' grub, his blankets and ax, and hike over the district attending to the various odd jobs of the winter. Night comes on and he camps in the open, on some brush with his "tarp" over him, and after a supper of dried beef, tea, hard-tack and dehydrated fruit, goes to sleep amid the soughing of the wind in the trees and the never-ending yap-yap of the coyotes whose howls are like the wails of lost souls.

The winter poachers, trappers, and tusk-hunters furnish the thrill needed to bring men of nerve into a service which is none too well paid, and which for eight months in the year is the superlative of loneliness. Out for blood—animal preferred—poachers would not stop at spilling a ranger's if allowed to get the drop on him.

In winter, the task of guarding the Yellowstone means lone patrols, for its boundaries, around an area greater than that of the State of Connecticut, are open on all four sides. Fortunately the Indian causes no trouble, having shunned the region because of superstitious fears for several generations. None the less, a trained force of thirty men is required to keep the spoilers out and the animals in.

With the coming of "weather," the trim uniforms which the tourists find so attractive during the summer months are folded away against another summer. As there is no regulation as to winter garb, the rangers follow their individual fancy and the dictates of the temperature. They agree as to woolen underclothing, "liberty socks," and arctics. Since ski travel is warm work regardless of temperature, furs are seldom worn, even as caps. Cotton gloves, of which several pairs carry easily on the trail, are preferred to mittens, because they may be changed when they become wet, and later dried out in front of the night-fires.

Park neighbors, we are told, no longer have a chance to complain that they can not tell when they are encroaching upon the vast Yellowstone preserve. The writer remarks:

They used to ask with indignation if they were expected to carry theodolites, astronomical instruments, and books of logarithms to locate the boundary.

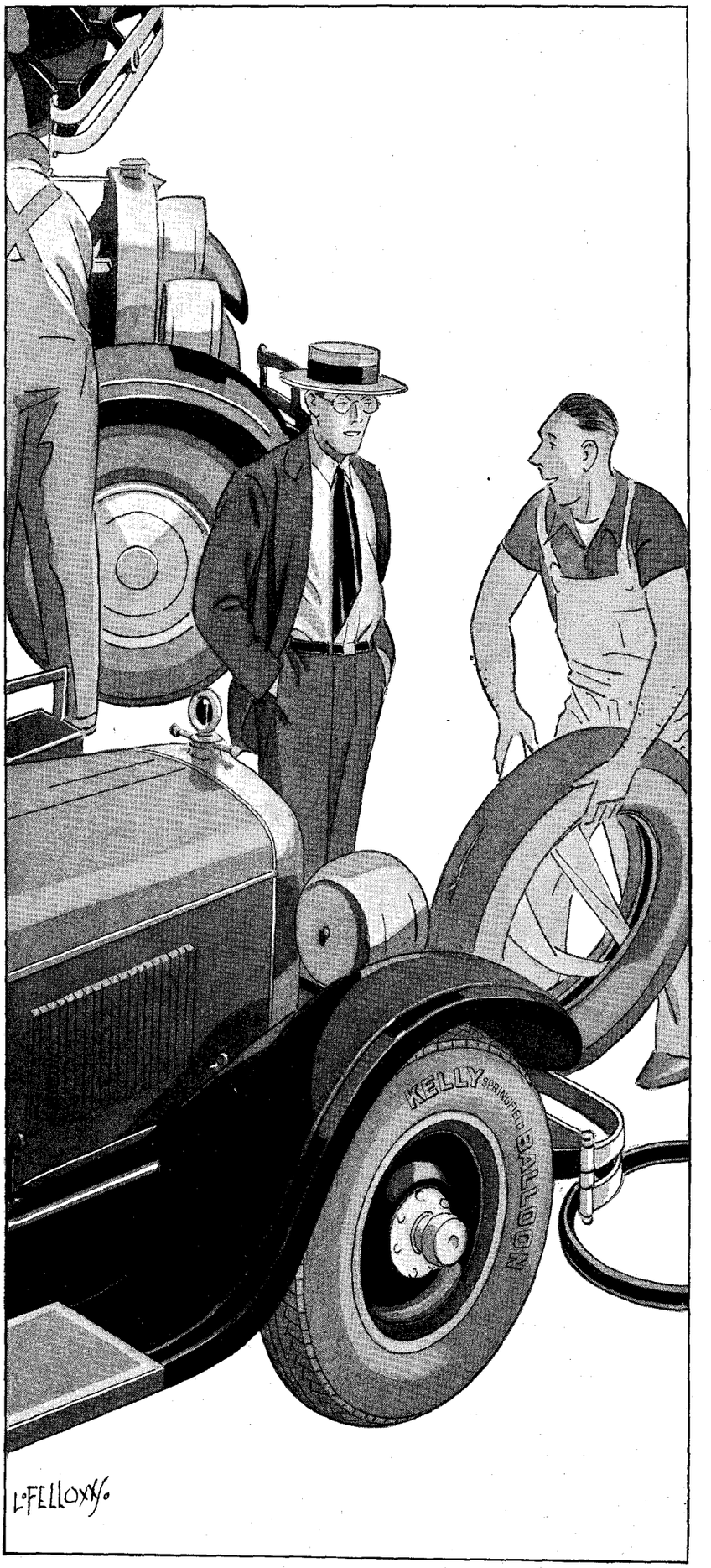
"Hadn't an idea I was hunting inside your old park," became the stock excuse of such when caught with raw fur.

This condition has been changed. The boundaries are now marked with a cut-out trail from six to ten feet wide. In addition, all the sides are posted at frequent intervals with cloth boundary signs, which recite the penalty of fine or imprisonment, or both, for violating the game laws.

These border trails are covered at least once each week by rangers, always traveling in pairs. One carries a rifle, the other a small but serviceable ax. Each is equipped with a single blanket, a compass, emergency rations, and revolver, making an average pack of thirty pounds.

Any sign of fresh trespass calls for immediate pursuit by one or both of the boundary guards, as the circumstances dictate. While the longest patrol is twenty miles—a ten-hour stint in ordinary weather—pursuit tours often take the rangers into the interior of the park, when the compass and emergency rations become vital to his safe-being.

At the end of each beat stands a "snow-shoe" cabin, stoutly built of logs, and fitted



"Two punctures and a blowout in less than a thousand miles, and all on that left front, too! Funny that that one tire seems to get all the trouble."

"No, because your other three tires are Kelly-Springfields."

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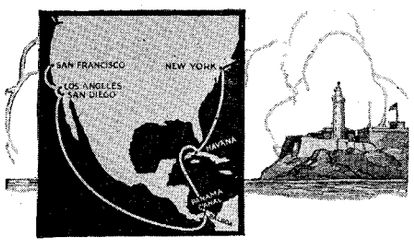

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

with bunks, stove, and zinc-lined grub-box. Sometimes patrols meet there and spend a night in company before the next day's "drift" back to station; but this is the exception, for the trips are not made on fixt schedule.

One needs long acquaintance and the magnet of a camp-fire in the outreaches to draw from the rangers even fragmentary accounts of the hazards they live. Mere mention of tusk-hunting, however, is likely to bring response. The ruthless pot-hunters, in the pay of conscienceless jewelry manufacturers, who slay elk only for their tusks, are most heartily despised. Despite the fact that the fraternal order which uses the elk tusk as an emblem has repeatedly gone on record in its grand lodge sessions against this outlawry, a steady market exists, with prices ranging from twenty to a hundred dollars.

In winter the elk bulls are wont to isolate themselves from the main herds and bunch together in out-of-the-way valleys. Such small bands are particularly sought for wholesale slaughter. After a volley from cover, it takes but a moment to rush out and extract, with a pair of forceps, the two tusks in each jaw which are suitable for the jeweler's treatment. The skins are never taken; the meat is always left to the wolves.

Because their spoils are so compact as to be easily concealed, it is difficult to capture tusk-hunters with the evidence "aboard."

HOW FEDERAL SLEUTHS CATCH MAIL BANDITS

A TRUE detective story, more engaging than most fiction tales of the kind, has come to its proper climax with the arrest in Steubenville, Ohio, of the D'Autremont twins for the murder of four men on a mail train in Oregon nearly four years ago. In order to solve baffling mysteries of this kind and bring such mail bandits to justice, remarks *The Independent* (Boston), Uncle Sam's sleuths make use of all the resources of modern chemistry, astute deductive reasoning, and the well-known capacity of Federal detectives for taking infinite pains. The ruthless nature of the crime is recalled in these words:

On the night of October 11, 1923, a Southern Pacific express train was puffing through the Siskiyou Tunnel in the Klamath range near the California-Oregon line when three bandits appeared on the tender of the locomotive, covered the engineer and fireman with pistols, and forced the trainmen to stop the engine. When the express came to a halt the bandits killed the two men in the engine cab. A brakeman, hearing the shots, ran toward the head of the train. He, too, was murdered. The bandits then discharged a quantity of explosive at the head of the mail car, blowing it up and killing the mail clerk. The blast, however, started a fire which prevented the bandits from looting the car. Under cover of a screen of steam which hissed from a broken pipe and filled the tunnel, the murderers escaped.

Detectives found four clues—a pair of grimy overalls, a knapsack, an automatic pistol, and the magneto used to set off the explosive. To Dr. Edward Oscar Heinrich, chemist on the staff of the University of California, were sent the overalls and the knapsack. In a few days he made an astonishing report: "The man who wore the overalls was a left-handed, brown-haired lumberjack about 5 feet, 8 inches tall, twenty-five years of age, thickset, clean shaven; he has recently worked in lumber camps in northwestern Oregon or Washington where fir trees are being felled. He was one of the three men who committed the crime."

When questioned, Dr. Heinrich explained that spots on the overalls had proved to be gum from fir trees. The size and cut of the garment had determined the approximate height of the wearer. Fabric under the left flap of the overalls was dirty whereas that under the right flap was clean, from which it was deduced that the wearer had removed them with his left hand. Douglas fir-tree chips and needles had been found in the overalls pockets. Two human hairs taken from a button on the garment and microscopically compared with standard tables had established the age of the bandit.

Hundreds of detectives then began a long search of Northwestern logging camps, we are told, and the methods used in the man-hunt were as remarkable in their way as those of the chemical expert. *The Independent* continues:

Ultimately, it developed that a man answering the description had lived in Eugene, Oregon, with his twin brothers, and that he, Hugh D'Autremont, had disappeared shortly before the Siskiyou affair together with the twins, Roy and Ray. Examination of the house where the three brothers lived convinced detectives that the twins were involved in the crime. Minute descriptions and pictures of all three were obtained. It was learned that one of the brothers was a voracious reader of Socialistic literature, that a second wore eyeglasses, that the mouth of the third was largely filled with bridge work.

Supplied with these facts, detectives began an international search that has seldom been excelled in thoroughness in the annals of American detection. More than 2,000,000 letters and pictures were mailed to a selected list throughout the world. Rewards aggregating $20,000 were offered. Dentists throughout the country received a minute description of the bridge work in the head of one of the D'Autremonts. Optometrists and opticians were provided with the prescription of the eyeglass lenses of another. Librarians were exhorted to be on the lookout for a young man seeking radical books. Every letter contained pictures of the three brothers.

Three months ago there came a private of the Army to San Francisco from Manila. Reporting for duty he saw on the wall of the office a picture of the three D'Autremonts, and declared that Hugh was a soldier in Manila, serving under another name. Hugh was taken into custody and is now being tried in Oregon. On the day his trial opened detectives, apprised that Ray and Roy were living in Steubenville, took the twins into custody. All three have confessed their identity, but deny the charges of murder. Roy and Ray will be tried shortly.

The success of the Federal detectives in the D'Autremont case, the editor adds, is refreshing in days when the once proud tradition of Uncle Sam as a policeman has been dragged into disrepute by the demands of Prohibition enforcement.

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THE POPE A MOTOR-CAR CONVERT

POPE PIUS XI has for some time been the possessor of an automobile, we are told, and he recently received another of the latest model from his Milanese admirers; but it was only a very short time ago, according to a Rome correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, that his pontifical inhibitions against using new-fangled means of locomotion were finally broken down. This correspondent, Frederick Hollowell, goes on to relate a hitherto unknown story, which has both its tragic and comic aspects, by way of explaining the change. He writes:

A few weeks ago the Pontiff ordered his faithful coachman, who has been in the Vatican service for many years, to prepare the Papal two-horse coach for his usual leisurely drive in the spacious Vatican gardens. It was a sultry early summer morning and the old cobble-paved palatial courtyards in sequestered precincts far from the prosaic bustle of modernized Rome were bathed in a droning soporific atmosphere. The atmospheric aspect was so soporific that while the coachman sat on his box waiting for his distinguished passenger, his head dropt forward on his chest, while the richly caparisoned steeds, themselves old in the Vatican service, also hung their heads in a dozing attitude.

Suddenly a platoon of Palatine Guards came marching into the San Damasco courtyard, with snare drums, rudely smashing the peaceful atmosphere. Just as suddenly the horses were seized with unwonted fright and dashed off before the poor coachman knew what was happening. In a twinkling they were galloping at top speed around the courtyard, with the now awakened coachman fumbling with the reins, barely able to retain his equilibrium.

Just as the horses, coach, coachman and all were about to plunge down the famous stairway called the "Scala Regia," which leads down to the mammoth bronze door entrance to the Vatican, the front wheel of the pontifical vehicle crashed into a big marble pillar. By this time, of course, the Palatine Guards had ceased drum-beating and most of them had joined in a helter-skelter chase after the runaway steeds.

Naturally, the Pope's ride was abandoned that day, remarks Mr. Hollowell, while everybody breathed a sigh of relief that no one had been seriously injured, except one of the horses. The correspondent tells the sequel as follows:

A few days later the horse which was injured in the runaway died. After due reflection the Pope came to the conclusion that the old means of travel was much too dangerous and decided definitely to confine himself to the use of automobiles, despite the fact that in order to get a decently long outing in the Vatican Gardens he must retrace the route almost constantly. Henceforth, therefore, horse-drawn paraphernalia will be preserved as Vatican relics.

There are still sixteen horses in the Vatican stables, but most of them are now becoming "old nags," so they will be kept for past services on liberal pensions of hay and oats. The Pope has declined to authorize the purchase of any new horses. There are also numerous coaches which are now kept in an enclosure at one end of Belvedere courtyard. One of the most sumptuous of these has been out of use

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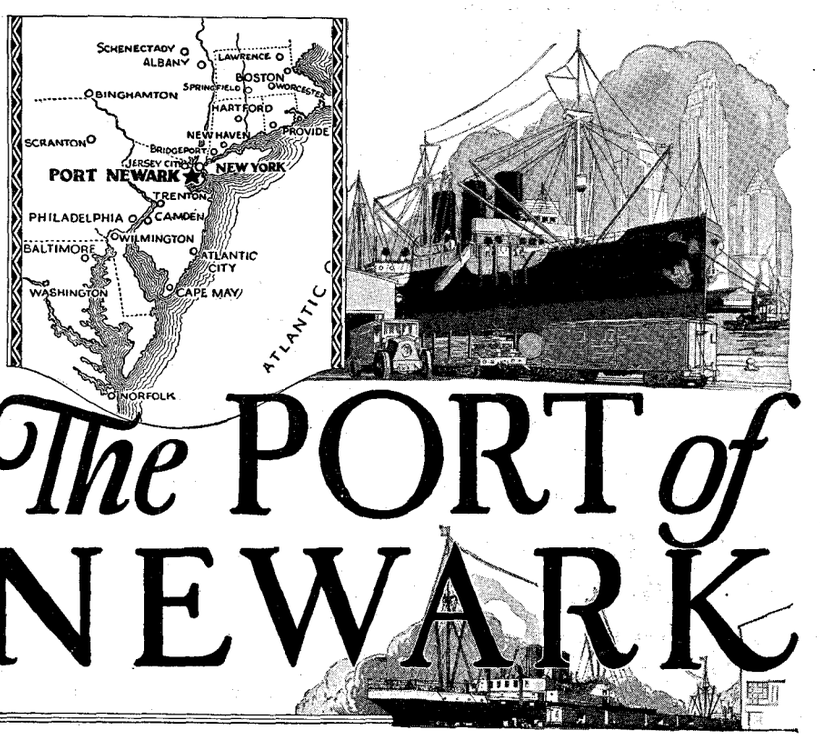

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The Stories Behind the Pictures of the World's Master Painters

Every masterpiece of art has a story. Often a unique story.

"Ophelia," for instance. Painted by Millais and sold for $1,500, this great picture shows the heroine of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" lying in the water. She had fallen in while gathering flowers.

As a landscape setting for this picture Millais found a little reach of reed-fringed river with a tangled brier background and dogroses in bloom.

During July and August he painted. The background was finished.

The next step. To get an Ophelia. A beautiful girl, with red hair, tall and slender, employed in a milliner's shop, was prevailed upon to be the model. And *Millais insisted that she actually lie in water!*

A CHILLED MODEL

A large bath was arranged for the girl to lie in. The water was kept warm by lamps underneath.

All went well, until one day—*the lamps went out!* The girl got chilled. But she was plucky and stuck!

When Millais realized the situation, she was numb. She became ill. Her father threatened a damage suit. As a compromise Millais paid the doctor's bill.

BARE-LEGGED ARTIST

A touch of humor clings to Millais' first recognition as an artist. Aged 9, he won in an art competition. At the ceremony of awarding the prize the name, "Mr. John Everett Millais," was called.

Can't you imagine the surprize of the audience when a youngster with short, white-frilled trousers, bare legs, and golden curls stepped up to the dais?

HIS ONLY NUDE

In his whole career Millais made only one nude—"*The Knight Errant.*" Mrs. Grundy protested. The canvas sold for $7,500 and hangs in the National Gallery.

GIRL DROWNING

Millais had a penchant for painting women in water. Besides "*Ophelia,*" there is his "*The Martyr of the Solway,*" in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. This great painting shows a young girl, condemned in religious persecution, and bound to a stake to drown in the rising tide.

THE BEEFEATER

But the high-water mark of artistry was reached in "*A Yeoman of the Guard,*" in his gorgeous uniform of red and gold that is so familiar to visitors to the Tower of London. This is regarded as one of the greatest pictures of modern times.

WONDERFUL DETAIL

Another great Millais masterpiece, "*The Blind Girl,*" that sold for $1,575, is called "a religious picture and a glorious one." It evinces a wealth of minute detail, from the moisture-spangled blades of grass to the distant village and the tortoise-shell butterfly on the girl's shawl.

SEE EXODUS CHAP. XVII

A distinctive religious work is Millais' "*Victory, O Lord!*" in the City Art Gallery, Manchester, based on the biblical story of the fierce battle between the Israelites and Amalekites while Aaron and Hur hold up the hands of Moses on the mountain side. Sold for $6,300.

GRAVE-DIGGING NUN

As his best painting Millais considered his "*Vale of Rest,*" a sombre churchyard scene showing two nuns, one digging a grave. But he almost went insane painting the grave-digging nun. The picture brought $15,000.

MASTERPIECES BY TURNER

While Millais specialized on life studies, J. M. W. Turner, the great colorist, idealized landscapes.

Look at Turner's "*Venice: The Dogana,*" in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. Such remarkable light and color and atmosphere were never known in painting before Turner's time.

Look at "*The Fighting Temeraire,*" in the National Gallery. No human figure is visible on the ship. Yet the whole canvas shows human feeling!

His "*Rain, Steam, and Speed,*" with the rushing train, is called "the boldest attempt to represent abstract ideas in landscape ever made."

DREAMLAND FANTASIES

But no work by Turner betrays more of his creative genius than "*San Benedetto*"—also in the National Gallery. Here in the wonderful sea and sky there is realism. Yet in that real sea and sky, by his wonderfully suggestive and pictorial use of color, Turner has placed a fairyland of dissolving palaces and gliding gondolas and figures of dream.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

since the fall of papal temporal power in 1870. It was used whenever the Popes made long journeys throughout the Papal States. The only time it has left the Vatican grounds since 1870 was in 1906, when it was taken to Milano for exhibition. When it was returned it had been broken, so thereafter it was never permitted to be taken away again.

All the Popes since Pius IX, however, have used other less pretentious coaches for their rides in the Vatican Gardens. Some American Catholics gave Pius X one of the first automobiles ever made. It was a gorgeous example of the original "horseless buggies." The interior of the body was lined with white silk and the papal coat of arms was painted on the doors. But Pope Pius X never used it. He finally presented it to Cardinal Merry del Val, then papal Secretary of State, who removed the coat of arms and used the car. Subsequent Popes have all more or less stuck to the example of Pope Pius X, and probably would have continued to do so if the runaway had not occurred.

NO RACE SUICIDE AMONG THE SMITHS

GOD must have thought well of the Smiths, since he has created so many of them, remarks Edgar Yates in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, paraphrasing Lincoln's remark about the common people. One person in a little less than a hundred in this country is a Smith, he adds, since, according to the latest census figures, there are now 1,304,300 Americans with that name. Mr. Yates goes on to say:

The census immediately following the Revolution shows approximately one Smith in every eighty-five inhabitants. The chances are that even tho you are not a Smith, somewhere in the upward-flaring fan of your ancestry appears the name of a Smith. Among English-speaking people in all lands it is almost without exception the leading surname.

The word "smith" was so spelled a thousand years ago, before ever the English language existed. It is a Saxon word meaning "one who smites" with a hammer or similar tool. Thus it applied to a wide range of crafts, and when, in the thirteenth century or thereabouts, surnames came into general use, nearly every hammer craftsman was called Smith. Had Vulcan, Tubal Cain or Hiram Abiff been Englishmen, their last name would have been Smith.

And now there are enough Smiths in this country to replace the entire population of any one of the following States should all its inhabitants move out: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Delaware, Florida, Oregon, Colorado, Utah, and eight other less populous Western States.

Not a city in the United States would hold them except New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Detroit. But the Smiths have no need to monopolize one city, for with two exceptions they are now at the head in numbers in every city in the land. The two exceptions are Minneapolis and St. Paul, where they stand fifth, and Chicago, where they are exceeded only by the Johnsons.

In New York the Cohens stand second in

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numbers; in Philadelphia, the Millers; in Boston, the Sullivans; in San Francisco, the Johnsons. But in all these cities the Smiths stand first.

Seventeen pages of "Who's Who in America" are devoted to celebrities named Smith. They are prominent in all the professions, each of which is well represented by an individual whom "Fate tried to conceal by naming him Smith."

IT TAKES COURAGE TO BECOME A BUDDHIST MONK

SIXTY men about to become priests of the Buddhist faith are kneeling, awaiting their ordeal. The hour is midnight, the place a temple in Wuchang. The ceremony we are witnessing is known as "sheo kai," or the taking of the vows. Its chief feature, as described by L. M. Cramer in *The Dearborn Independent*, is the burning of a certain number of spots deep into the shaved heads of the men about to be ordained. Mr. Cramer explains further:

Nine spots in all there usually are, three rows of three spots each, and each spot the size of the nail on a grown man's thumb, but more nearly square in form. These nine holes are representative of the nine vows taken by each Buddhist priest. The cauterized marks are indelible and remain on the scalp a lifetime.

Close to the east gate of Wuchang is a hill; Hung Shan is its name. On its peak rests the Pau Tung Shin pagoda, or the Monastery of the Pervading Preciousness. The pagoda is perhaps a thousand years old. The Chinese claim it was built at the beginning of the Tang dynasty, something like A. D. 630 to 907. Perhaps it was. It is one of the temples in the Yangtze Valley still kept in repair. Until China became a republic the historic buildings, temples, drum towers and pagodas throughout the empire were kept in repair. Many are today in ruins, impossible of salvage. The Pau Tung Shin pagoda is one of the few notable exceptions. It is kept constantly in repair, thanks to the earnestness of the monks there, and also to the fact that the holding group is said to be one of great wealth.

Through the frosty midwinter night we made our way to the temple; ice crunched under our feet as we went along the little-used road which was barely a trail up the steep mountainside to the Monastery of the Pervading Preciousness. The low-hung deep velvety blue of a China winter sky was studded thick with gold stars, and a waning moon made almost superficial the dim-lighted lanterns we carried.

We climbed the steep slope to the first court of the pagoda, our feet slipping on the frost-covered stones. Through the first court, up another hill, winding in and out among trees made weird with grotesque crooked limbs, stumbling along, panting and short of breath, we made our way. At last we found ourselves before a little wooden door of the temple. We could see dim lights within, as we looked through the cracks of the door. Faint sounds of voices reached us borne on the frosty night air, but too far away to be attracted by our pounding on the door. We almost gave up hope of entering, when one of the party thought of a way, a little door at the far side which opened into the monastery woodshed, thence into the kitchen and

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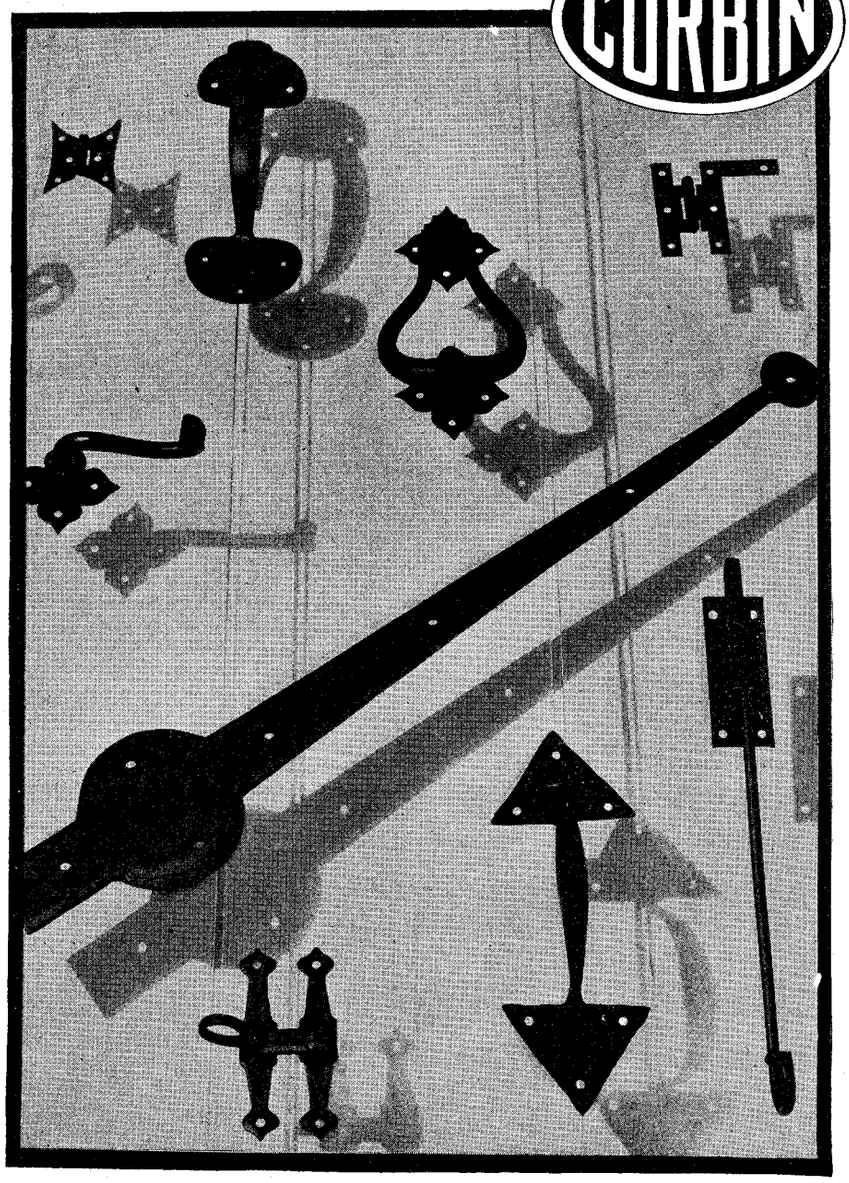

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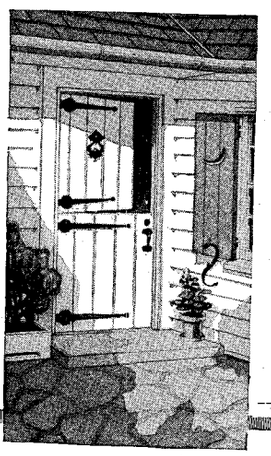

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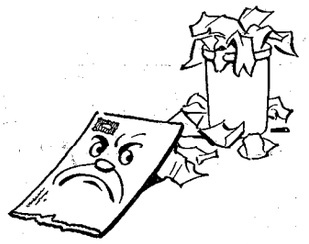

A scrap of paper!

No waste basket in sight! Yes, there's one in the corner. Hard luck—he missed it! So I am on the floor. Someone will have to pick me up. Maybe the office worm will be "bawled out". Perhaps he'll "turn" with the bright remark, "Why haven't I a waste basket of my own?" Why hasn't everybody?

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

then into the refectory and into the very heart of the temple.

"In the Hour of the Tiger" is the title under which Mr. Cramer tells his story, and he goes on to relate that at that unearthly hour—just before dawn—the ceremony began:

A large chorus of male voices chanting was heard in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came to the room in which we waited. As the voices drew near, we entered a dimly-lighted hall. Weird and mysterious it looked in the feeble light of a few tall wax tapers. Down each side of the hall were ranged nine gilded images—the eighteen Lo Hans, the earliest disciples of Buddha. In the center was a great gold image of Buddha, sitting cross-legged. In front of this image had been placed a table. Three cowled monks sat on each side of it. Standing at the head of this table was a young-looking monk, with a scarlet tiara-shaped hat upon his head. Each monk held a great book in front of his face. From it they read, sometimes in turns, sometimes in unison, reading in a singsong chant, every pause being filled in by the clashing of gongs and the beating of wooden drums. In one dim corner was a box-like structure, on which a monk sat, cross-legged and silent, performing his duty of meditation.

In an adjoining room the sixty candidates knelt about the three walls, robed in the long, loose gray robes of their calling, heads shaved, pale faces showing in the dim light looking for all the world like so many death's-heads. The chanting and the beating of gongs had been continuous, and it was over an hour before we returned to the first temple.

Before the great idol where had stood a small table was now placed a long, high wooden bench, with a row of kneeling-cushions made of straw in front of it. Behind this bench stood the officiating monks. Upon the bench were the instruments to be used to burn the holes in the scalps of the candidates for ordination—thick sticks of incense, a bit of wax and slices of raw white turnip.

The initiates entered, kneeling upon the straw cushions. The officiating monks marked upon each shaved head the nine spots to be burned into the flesh during the ceremony which was about to begin. The sticks of incense were fixt with wax at the places marked, and the taper of incense was lighted. It took two minutes—two lifetimes it seemed to us—for the incense to burn down to the scalp. Pieces of raw turnip were placed between the burning patches to keep the surrounding skin cool. Monks in the background beat continuously upon wooden drums, with heavy mallets.

The initiate monks who were undergoing the torture knelt like so many graven images. They must have been suffering agony, but not a lip quivered, not a facial muscle twitched. As each stick of incense burned down to the scalp, the live ash was prest down into the head. When the newly ordained men were led out by the older monks, the air was pervaded with the odor of burning flesh.

It was an experience such as one can not forget. That these men were sincere in their faith and the sacrifices they were making there could be no doubt.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

PROOFS THAT MATTER IS ELECTRIC

CREATING electric currents by shaking the electrons inside a bar of copper, as peas might be shaken inside a baby's rattle, is the striking scientific experiment recently accomplished by Dr. Richard C. Tolman and Mr. L. M. Mott-Smith at the California Institute of Technology, at Pasadena. Says Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science* (New York):

The new experiment concludes and strengthens a series of similar tests begun by Dr. Tolman nearly ten years ago. Its result confirms the modern idea that both electricity and matter are fundamentally the same. The electrons with which Dr. Tolman's experiment dealt are the tiny electric particles which operate the vacuum-tubes of a radio set and which constitute electric sparks and electric currents. These same electrons are believed to form parts of the atoms of matter. A bar of metal contains millions of them. Ordinarily these electrons are tightly held inside the metal, escaping only under the action of intense heat or of electric forces. Nine years ago Dr. Tolman was able, however, to shake a few of them out of a moving copper rod by stopping it quickly, in the same way in which one shakes pills out of a bottle to which they adhere. Now he has used the different method of making his cylinder of metallic copper twist back and forth on a spring. This sets the electrons inside the metal to swinging, as tho they were loose. Their movements are detected electrically. Thus Dr. Tolman acquires a new proof that loose electrons really do exist inside masses of matter, as modern theory requires.

ADULTS LEARN BETTER THAN CHILDREN

A MAN or woman under fifty years of age should seldom be discouraged from trying to learn anything which he or she really needs to learn by the fear of being too old, Dr. E. L. Thorndike, professor of educational psychology at Columbia University, declared recently at a meeting of the American Association for Adult Education. To a lesser degree, this is true after fifty years also, he added. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

Dr. Thorndike presented results of experiments in which persons thirty-five years and over, averaging forty-two years, were compared with persons twenty to twenty-four years old, averaging twenty-two, in their ability to learn acts of skill and to acquire various kinds of knowledge. In learning Esperanto, an artificial language constructed on logical principles, the older group learned about five-sixths as fast as the younger. Both groups learned more rapidly than children. In learning reading, spelling, arithmetic, and other elementary school subjects, adults of forty-two progressed about five-sixths as fast as the adults of twenty-two. Both groups probably learned faster than they would have learned the same things as children at the age of twelve, Dr. Thorndike said, for they

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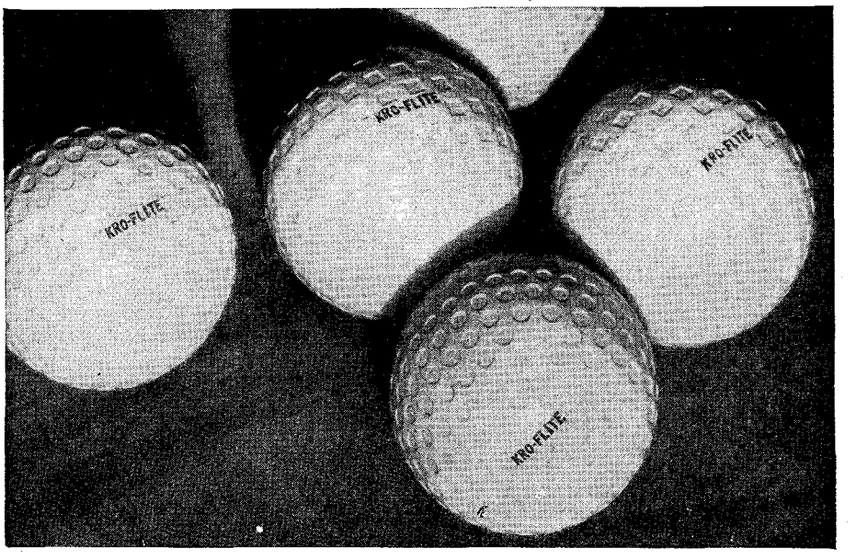

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A process invented by Spalding vulcanizes the cover, giving it an unusual resiliency. Instead of resisting the shock of a blow, the cover absorbs it. Therefore a high-powered center can be used which gives the ball extreme distance.

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Spalding's method of winding the golf ball—around a frozen core—allows a perfect sphere to be built up, at maximum stretch, from the very beginning. A ball which putts as straight as a yardstick is the result. Try Kro-Flite—dimple or mesh. Your professional or sports dealer has them.

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The homes having telephones buy two-thirds of all advertised goods

¶ Advertising is a definite force. It can be employed to do a definite work. Among what kind of families does it do its *best* work? Where are the *buying* people to be found? An investigation was recently made in 37 cities, in 25 states. The results confirm the statement made by The Digest that *the homes having telephones buy two-thirds of all advertised goods.*

¶ There are in the United States 9,809,063 homes with telephones. There are about twice as many homes which have none. One-third of the families in this country, then, live in telephone-connected homes. But this one-third of the population buy two-thirds of the branded merchandise, all advertised goods.

¶ Painstaking house-to-house inquiry at 11,232 homes has disclosed, for example, that 70.8% of the package cereals, 78.5% of the automobiles, 73.8% of the phonographs, 79.1% of the vacuum cleaners, 86.3% of the oil heaters, and so on and on through the long list, are in telephone homes.

¶ The facts confirm an important principle for all distributors of merchandise:

The telephone is a reliable index to the market for all commodities

¶ The telephone in the home discriminates between the inert and the alert. The family that installs a telephone has taken the first step toward progressive living. That family is seeking contact with the outside world. It has risen above the dead level of bare necessities. It is in the market for many other commodities. The number of telephones in a community, county or state thus serves as a reliable index to the market of all products.

¶ The Literary Digest, like the telephone, automatically selects the most active households everywhere. When a family begins to stir out of its small circle of home affairs and look inquiringly at the world outside, it turns to The Digest as a source of knowledge, a balanced recorder of world opinion, a means by which the thoughtful reader may judge the true significance of the news.

¶ The Digest has among its subscribers a larger percentage of families with telephones than any other magazine of large circulation. It does not reach all of the homes with telephones, because no magazine can do that. But the million telephone homes that it does reach are the best million. They are the best million because they are the homes of intelligent, thinking people — people whose opinions are respected, whose lead others follow in every phase of the life of the communities in which they live.

The Literary Digest

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learned more per hour of study than children comparable to them in brightness are able to learn. "Extensive experiments with adults learning algebra, science, foreign languages, and the like in evening classes, and with adults learning shorthand and typewriting in secretarial schools, support the general conclusion that ability to learn rises until about twenty," he stated. "Then, perhaps after a stationary period of some years, learning ability slowly declines. The decline is very slow, however, roughly about 1 per cent. per year. The chief reason why adults seldom learn a new language or a new trade is not the lack of ability, but the lack of opportunity or desire," Dr. Thorndike concluded.

LIGHT-RAY RADIO

"OLD and useless," is the verdict passed by New York radio engineers on a reported invention of Prof. Quirimo Majorana, an Italian scientist, for voice-sending by means of ultra-violet rays. Their opinions are thus stated by the New York *Times:*

"There is nothing new in Professor Majorana's announcement, unless he is withholding something," said Dr. E. E. Free of the New York Electrical Society. "It is not difficult or revolutionary to send voice over light-beams, whether they are visible or invisible. I note that Professor Majorana's invention has operated across a distance of ten miles. I do not understand how that can be possible, because ultra-violet rays are easily absorbed by the atmosphere. Sound transmitted by a search-light can only go as far as the beam of light is visible. Relaying of sporting events from an athletic field to a broadcast transmitter could be accomplished by utilizing the vibrations of ultra-violet, infrared or ordinary light by modulating the vibrations of the light-beam with the output of a microphone," said John V. L. Hogan, Past President of the Institute of Radio Engineers. "It would be necessary, however, to have the light-beam transmitter and receiver in fixt positions so that the transmitter could be 'aimed' at the receiver, between which are no intervening objects." It was pointed out that a more important application of light-beam transmission would be in the military rather than in the broadcasting field. "By utilizing the invisible ultra-violet rays as a carrier of the voice frequencies, the danger of the enemy intercepting messages would be slight," said Mr. Hogan, "because the transmitter would be aimed directly at the receiver a number of miles away." Dr. Lee de Forest, commenting on the invention, said there was nothing particularly new about it. "It is of practically no use in radio broadcasting," Dr. de Forest said, "as the ultra-violet rays travel in a straight line, and are interfered with by objects intervening between the sending and receiving stations."

Butter and Egg Car.—
REFINED, rather attractive, fun-loving, 40-year-old widow, still with young ideas, a stranger in Denver, would like to meet gentleman with car of like inclinations.
—*Ad in a Denver paper.*

Better Ask Emily Post.—Here he hands to the clergyman the small envelop in which the groom has placed the clergyman's feet.—*Etiquette column in a Newark paper.*

She came down the gang-plank—a perfect picture of health

THE same friends who saw her wave a weak good-bye were at the pier to welcome her home.

"Wonderful", said one, "She looks a dozen years younger. Look at her complexion—her color. See how brisk she is!"

And "she" who went away, tired, dull-eyed and worn, justified the extravagant praise that her friends heaped upon her. There she was, radiant and refreshed, after a month at a famous European Spa—drinking its saline waters.

How the saline spring worked its wonders

To the great saline springs of the continent —Vichy and Carlsbad, Aix or Wiesbaden—doctors from all over the world, send their wealthy patients. Here a variety of ailments are treated, and good results are obtained in all for a very simple reason—

At the famous European Spas many fashionable people yearly find new health and strength. The health-giving salines of these spring waters are effectively combined in Sal Hepatica, the standby used by hundreds of thousands to insure internal cleanliness and physical well being.

There is nothing like a saline solution to wash away the poisons of waste which too civilized people accumulate within themselves—the self-poisoning (Auto-Intoxication) which causes not only headaches and bad complexions, stomach derangements and acid conditions, but also rheumatism, nervous disorders, and a host of other ills.

Use Sal Hepatica to keep internally clean

The benefits which follow the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline, are the same benefits of the "cure" at the famous watering places throughout the world.

Sal Hepatica effectively cleans away the intestinal stoppage that is so often the real cause of bad complexion, headaches, lethargy and similar ills. Like the health-giving waters of the spas abroad, it insures internal cleanliness, corrects self-poisoning and neutralizes acidity.

At the first sign that waste products are not being thoroughly and regularly eliminated, take Sal Hepatica.

Dissolved in a glass of water, Sal Hepatica makes a palatable, refreshing drink. It flushes the intestines gently, promptly and safely.

The best time to take Sal Hepatica is upon arising or half an hour before any meal.

Send the coupon today for the new booklet that tells you more fully how to relieve self-poisoning and the ills it brings.

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and the effects of Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

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Sal Hepatica

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

WHY WE ARE LIVING BETTER

WE TAKE FOR GRANTED the fact that the standard of living in the United States has for many years been the highest in the world. We realize that in the past two decades our advance in this respect has been notable, and has occurred in a number of directions at the same time. But, says the Alexander Hamilton Institute in its *Business Conditions Weekly*, few of us take the trouble to scrutinize the actual advances so as to understand just how rapid our forward strides have been and upon what they are based. Do we realize, for instance, how great has been the advance in "real" wages upon which the prosperity of the workers of America is founded?

The cost of living is now 64 per cent. higher than before the war, so that one will pay on the average $1.64 for that which costs $1.00 in 1914. Wages, however, are 134 per cent. higher than before the war, using the index for New York State factories, so that the average wage earner now receives 2.34 times as large a weekly wage as before the war. Thus, where the wage earner spends $1.64 he receives $2.34. He is able, therefore, to buy 1.43 times as much with his wage as in 1914. This represents an increase in the standard of living through the increase in "real" wages alone of 43 per cent.

In the last analysis any increase in "real" wages, we are told, must be based on a gain in productivity, and "an increase in productivity is brought about by the use of improved methods and machinery which enabled a man to turn out a larger output without increased labor." Thus—

If, through the use of improved methods and machinery, 5,000,000 units of a product—radios, say—are made this year by the same number of men working the same number of hours formerly required to make 1,000,000 units of this product, the country is better off and has increased its wealth by 4,000,000 radios over what it would have had under the old manufacturing methods. These radios, manufactured in a fraction of the time formerly required, can be sold at a lower price (representing an increase in real wages). Since all of the radios go into use, the country is more wealthy by the number of new radios added, and the standard of living is raised accordingly. The United States Department of Labor has made a study of the increase in productivity of a number of representative industries and the results for eleven industries are listed below.

Industries	*Increase in Labor Productivity Since 1914 Per Cent.*
Iron and Steel	59
Boot and Shoe	6
Leather tanning	26
Meat packing	27
Petroleum refining	83
Paper and pulp	34
Cement manufacturing	61
Automobiles	172
Rubber tires	211
Flour milling	40
Cane sugar refining	28

The average increase in productivity for the eleven industries listed is 68 per cent. A number of industries which have shown unusual increases in labor productivity are included among the above, and there are many industries which have shown only moderate increases, but it is probable that the average gain in labor productivity has been about the same as the increase in "real" wages previously cited.

Another factor pointed out by the writer for the Alexander Hamilton Institute is the decline in working hours:

In the past fifteen years working hours have shown a decline, ranging in some cases up to 35 per cent. In a number of branches of the iron and steel industry, working time for employees has been cut from a twelve-hour to an eight-hour day, making a reduction of 33⅓ per cent. The average percentage of decrease in the number of full-time working hours per week, and the increase in full-time earnings per week for a number of industries for which data are available are given in the table below:

Industries	*Period*	*Percentage Decrease in Hours Per Full-Time Week*	*Percentage Increase in Full-Time Earnings per Week*
Men's Clothing	1911-1924	18.4	181
Iron and Steel	1910-1924	18 0	117
Boots and Shoes	1910-1924	14.0	103
Woolen and Worsted	1910-1924	13.0	188
Hosiery and Underwear	1910-1924	11.8	157
Cotton Goods	1910-1924	10.0	146
Lumber Manufacturing	1910-1925	6.0	68

This decline in the number of hours per week which the wage earner has to work represents a direct increase in the standard of living since the worker has more time to enjoy the additional things which his wages permit him to buy, more time is available for rest, and more time is given the worker for education and to better his condition by making and doing things for himself.

A further indication of a higher standard of living through increased working hours is contained in data compiled by the National Industrial Conference Board. Of the total population of the United States 41.5 per cent. was gainfully employed in 1910, 39.4 per cent. in 1920, and only 37.2 per cent. in 1925. Thus, in fifteen years there has been a decrease of 4.3 per cent. in the percentage of the population gainfully employed, and there has been an almost proportionate gain in the percentage of the population enrolled in schools and colleges. A large gain in the standard of living has thus come, not only through shorter hours and fewer people working, but through more and better education.

And in considering the well-being of the worker, it is pointed out that better machinery has not only made man more productive but has at the same time lightened his labor. For instance, "through the use of machinery and improved methods seven tons of pig iron are to-day produced on the average with the same number of labor hours that produced one in 1900, and with less physical effort." "Many such decreases in labor effort, each reader is undoubtedly familiar with, but all represent higher standards of living and a more pleasant life." Nor does the advance end here, for "new products and improved products of higher quality and better wear all represent higher living standards." In a great many classes of manufactured goods the purchaser to-day, as compared with a few years ago, "gets a great deal more for the same money." Besides, "increases in the beauty and comfort of items of common consumption such as higher quality of furniture, easier riding and more beautiful automobiles, better clothes and shoes, and new products such as rayon goods, the radio, and electrical refrigerators, all represent advances in living standards." Practical evidence of the advance in recent years may be seen in many directions, we are told. For instance:

One of the most prominent evidences is in the larger number of passenger automobiles in service. The increase in these is shown in the table below:

Year	*Passenger Autos in Service*	*Increase in Five-Year Period*
1900	8,000	...
1905	77,000	69,000
1910	460,000	383,000
1915	2,300,000	1,840,000
1920	8,200,000	5,900,000
1925	17,500,000	9,300,000
1926	19,200,000	....

If we assume that three persons have access to each passenger-car in service, about 58,000,000 persons, or nearly 50 per cent. of the population of the United States enjoy motor-cars to-day, as compared with 7½ per cent. ten years ago, and a small part of 1 per cent. twenty years ago. That many American workingmen

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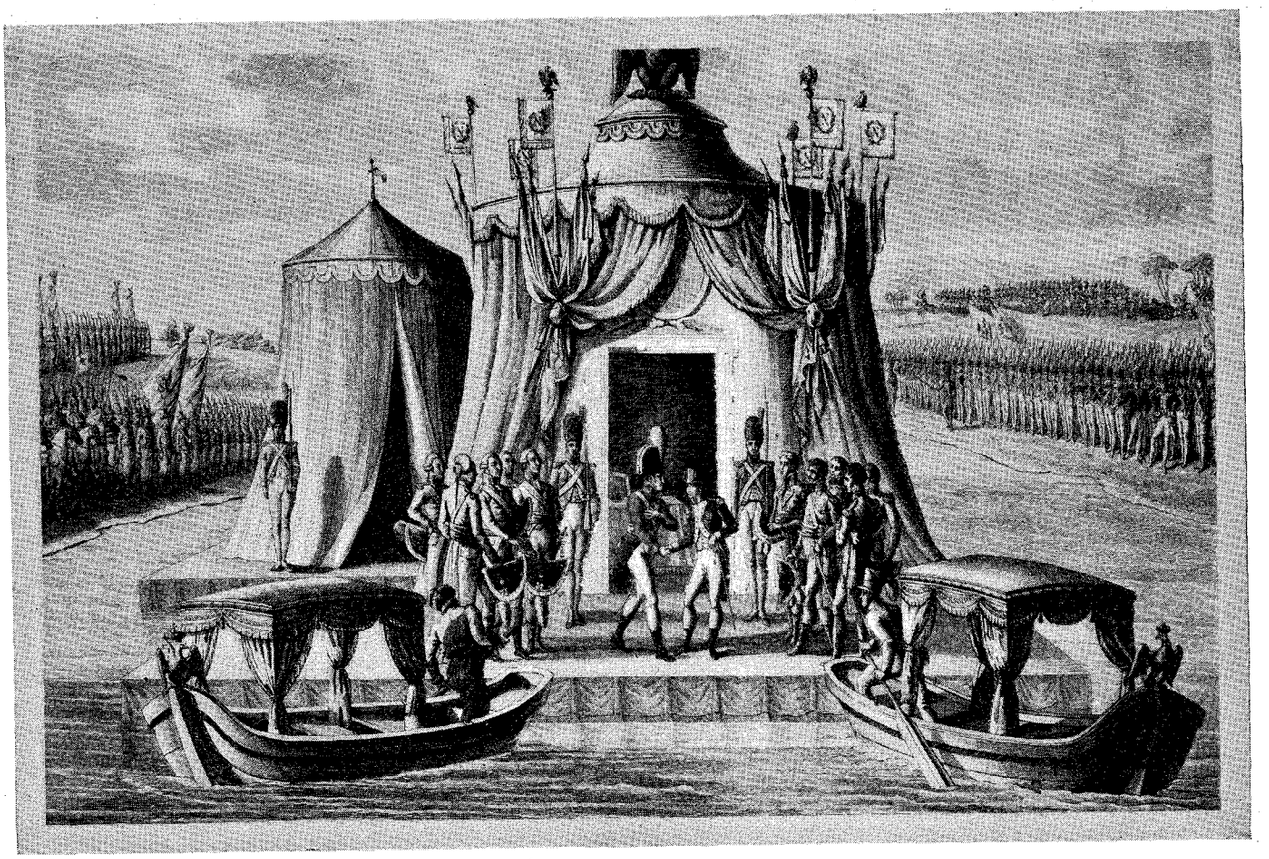

Where two men remade the map of Europe

ON June 25, 1807, Napoleon and Alexander I of Russia met on a raft in the River Niemen and divided up several portions of Europe between them.

Though the changes they agreed on proved not to be permanent, every map of Europe made since that date in some measure bears witness to this event.

Even the Great War did not quite obliterate its influence. For the Treaty of Versailles, in making Danzig a free city once again, found its precedent here.

It is thus that the map of any continent becomes at once the summary and monument of its past.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

go to their work in automobiles is even yet considered to be a myth by many European workmen.

At the beginning of 1927 there were 17,600,000 telephones in use in the United States as compared with 5,900,000 in use in 1910, an increase of nearly 200 per cent.

To-day there are estimated to be over 6,500,000 radios in use in the country, whereas only five years ago there were practically none. In clothing, women wear silk hosiery, dresses and underwear, whereas ten years ago cotton was the rule, and even five years ago it was common.

In the home the higher standard of living is seen in the hot-water and steam-heating plants as compared with hot-air systems and the coal-stove of not so many years ago. No modern home in the United States is to-day without a bathtub, yet only a moderate percentage of homes in Europe is so equipped. Other modern improvements which were absent but a few years ago are showers, tiling in kitchen and baths, oil-heating systems, electrical refrigerators, electric dishwashers, vacuum-cleaners, and the host of other electrical appliances.

In conclusion, we are reminded that continuation of this forward movement will depend upon our ingenuity and a continuation of the American workingman's willingness to produce—"each new machine and each new process that multiplies man's productive power, or that turns out an improved product, represents a proportionate forward step to the enjoyment of more and better things."

RAILROAD INTEREST IN AIR TRANSPORTATION

THE American transportation picture of the future, as the Washington *Post* sees it, is one of the public utilizing both air and rail, "with the organized rail agencies serving all the needs of air transport." The prediction is called forth by the recent statement of Mr. William P. MacCracken, Jr., Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aviation, that five large railroad companies have been conferring with him about supplementing "their rail with air service." Mr. MacCracken believes that railroad executives are now convinced that air passenger service is surely coming. Definite plans, he says, have been made by the American Express Company with an air transport company for carrying express matter, and railroad officials have recently agreed to this arrangement; "air passenger service is next, and marked progress in supplementing rail service with air lines should be seen within a year." Becoming more specific, Mr. MacCracken tells a press correspondent that railroads think they "can render public service by providing connections to allow rail travel by night and air travel by day." As Herbert Little writes in a United Press dispatch from Washington:

Several trunk-line railroads plan joint air-and-rail passenger service, to provide the ultimate in speed and comfort.

The air-and-rail plan would include sale of air tickets at railroad offices, probably with an option of all-rail travel and a partial refund in case of bad flying weather.

MacCracken pointed out that most of a business day could be saved, for instance, on a passage from Detroit to Washington. The rail journey takes about twenty hours by the best trains. A passenger could leave Detroit about midnight and arrive in Pittsburgh shortly after dawn. Then he would go to McKeesport, jump into a plane about 7 A. M., reaching Washington by 11. If he made the entire trip by train he would reach Washington at 7 P. M.

The trip would be more comfortable under air-rail conditions, with the night trip over smooth country by rail and the day trip by enclosed "limousine" plane over mountains, which slow down trains.

The most feasible opportunity to put this plan into effect in the near future, it is said, is in connection with the Chicago-to-San Francisco air-mail-and-passenger service, now operated by the Boeing Company of Seattle, and the similar New York-to-Chicago air-mail service, which is to be taken over from the Government by National Air Transport Inc., August 1. MacCracken is withholding names of lines temporarily.

The railroads will enter into the air transport field by way of the administrative and ticket-selling end, thinks the Washington *Post*, which adds that they learned "a costly lesson from the motor-bus":

At one time they were secure, not only for long hauls, but also for the transportation of freight and passengers over short distances. When buses first appeared, railroad officials did not take them seriously. Gradually the bus found public favor, and established itself firmly in short-haul work. When revenues began to drop off, railroad officials took notice, and to-day railroad administrations are meeting motor competition by going in for bus operation themselves.

Commercial air transport is on the eve of great development, and the railroads will not again permit themselves to be caught napping.

Believing that the demand for air passenger service is likely to be slight for many years, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* reasons that the railroads will be immediately interested only in two preliminary steps:

One is the bidding for air-mail contracts. The other is the establishment of air express service, for which definite plans have already been considered. In such projects provision might be made for the carrying of incidental passenger patronage. When such patronage increases to the point where it becomes profitable on its own account—a time which can not now be definitely fixt—the railroads may be expected to do their share in providing the needed air passenger lines.

But President Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad has, so *The Wall Street Journal* hears, given a negative answer to the suggestion that the railroads undertake the development of transportation by air. "In substance, his belief is that the two agencies are dissimilar in function, and will

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continue to be for an indefinite time, if not permanently; that air transport has still so much to learn by experience that it should enjoy the widest and freest field for its development, and that there is no present reason to apprehend injury to the business of the rail carriers from above." In the opinion of the financial daily, General Atterbury "speaks the thought of a large majority of railroad executives when he hopes for cooperation and coordination between railroads and air lines rather than domination of the one over the other." The editor goes on to state some objections which he thinks the head of the Pennsylvania system might well have made—for instance, "that an industry which has been brought under so rigorous and so minute a public regulation as the railroads would be faced with a multitude of artificial obstacles if it should enter a field still so largely experimental":

In the matter of finance alone, the railroads would have the greatest difficulty in obtaining the approval of the Commerce Commission for large expenditures, the outcome of which could hardly be estimated by any of the recognized methods of engineering forecast.

For the present it is enough, as General Atterbury says, that railroad men should be alive to the possibilities of air transport, so that as the opportunity comes they may do their part toward articulating the two services to whatever degree the transportation service as a whole requires.

EIGHT MAXIMS FOR REAL ESTATE OPERATORS

HOW to make money handling real estate was recently comprest into eight maxims by W. Burke Harmon, a well-known New York realtor, and reported as follows by the *New York World:*

Never buy for cash. The successful operator invests just as little of his own funds as possible, glad to pay 6 per cent. interest for the use of money that he expects to bring profit. And mortgage interest is deductible from your income tax.

Buy when others aren't buying freely—don't wait for a boom.

Buy property monopolistic in character that will increase in value because it can't be exactly duplicated, such as water-front near a great city or a business corner in a thriving neighborhood.

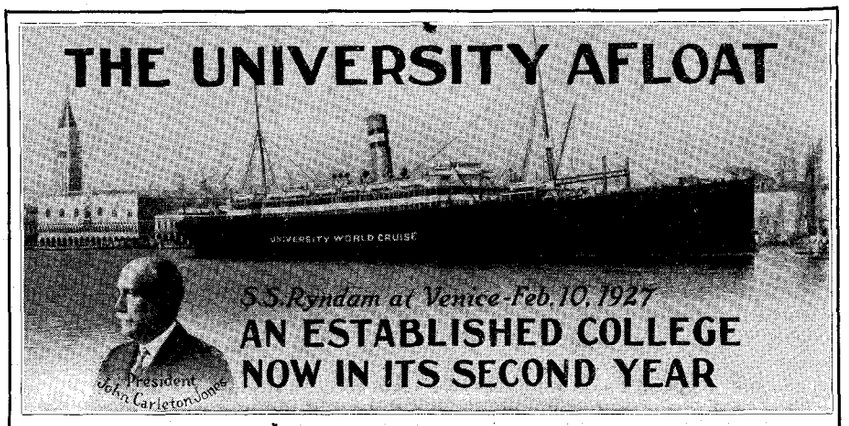
Buy where things are going to happen in the future, not where the neighborhood is built up and changes are unlikely.

Don't take things for granted, such as the statement that bridges make high values or that proximity to a railroad station is an asset. Transportation facilities make values, but not necessarily for property almost on top of bridge or station.

After asking questions and comparing values in the neighborhood and judging all future possibilities, then have the courage of your convictions to stay by your guns.

Know when to sell—you never get poor taking a profit, but don't sell until you are convinced values have approached a temporary peak at least.

Don't retain indefinitely property that is unimproved. Either sell or put a building on it that will produce enough to pay taxes and carrying charges.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THE · SPICE · OF · LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Goats Light Up Later.—Automobile lambs to be lighted one-half hour after sunset.—*Washington Star.*

No Local Color.—First Leatherneck (in Shanghai)—"Terrible dump, ain't it?"

Second Devil-Dog—"Yeh—you can't even pick up a plate of chop-suey in the whole town."—*Life.*

Touch of a Vanished Hand.—Armless tho he is, Charles Vulak, fifty-five years of age, has made such a success of the begging "profession" that he has $4,053 in five different banks where he readily can lay hands on it.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Admiring the View.—Country Cousin (after prolonged inspection of building operations)—"I don't see the sense of putting statues on the top of your buildings."

City Cousin—"Statues? Those aren't statues. They're bricklayers." — *Hardware Age.*

Tips from a Totem.—An expedition of Tulane University into the highlands of Guatemala has discovered a tribe of log worshipers who designate a piece of wood as the head of a community, and ask it questions about the future. We have something like that in Washington.—*Judge.*

Sardine Packer.—First Girl—"My boy's a grocer, and he tells me the price of ham, cheese, butter, and eggs. What does your boy talk about?"

Second Girl—"Oh, my boy's a tram conductor, and is inclined to say, 'Sit closer!'" —*Western Christian Advocate.*

Ask Me Another.—The following conversation took place during a physical examination of freshmen:

Dr. Bennett—"Calf?"

Frosh—"Fourteen inches."

D. B.—"Thigh?"

F.—"Twenty-six inches."

D. B.—"Neck?"

F.—"Yes."—*Tennessee Mountain Goat.*

Life's Darkest Moment.—The return to the home town of the "local boy" who has made good in the big city is rarely, we have understood, what it might be. In connection with this we have to report the particularly sad experience of a young banker who, after eight years of absence, alighted at the station of the town of his birth. There was, despite his expectations, no one on the platform whom he knew. No one. Discouraged, he sought out the baggage master, a friend since boyhood. To him at least he would be welcome, and he was about to extend a hearty greeting, when the other spoke first.

"Hello, George," he said. "Goin' away?"—*New Yorker.*

Call the S. P. C. A.—

DOGS CUT IN HALF

—*Ad in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

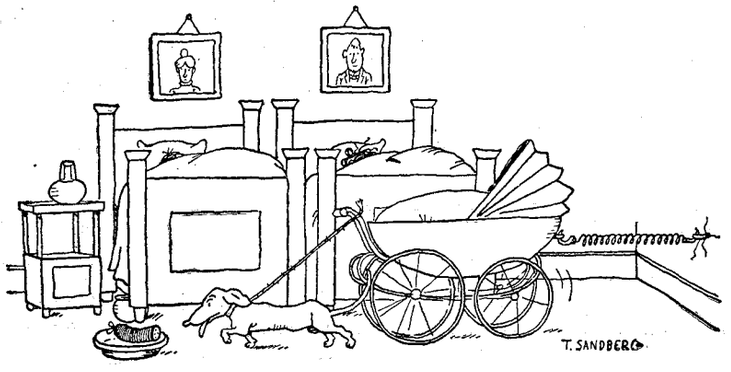
Mosquito Screen. — Host—"What do you think of these cigars? I got them from an airplane pilot."

Guest—"What does he use them for—sky-writing?"—*London Opinion.*

Militant Milkman.—

Enraged Bull Gores
Dairyman; Survives
With Ribs Smashed

—*North Dakota paper.*



A GOOD IDEA TO ROCK A BABY TO SLEEP

—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

Gentle Dissuasion.—

35 Machine Guns and State
Troops Ready to Prevent
Election Bloodshed

—*New York Evening Post.*

Roped and Branded.—Suitor—"Well, Tommy, congratulate me; your sister has just promised to marry me."

Tommy—"That's old news. She promised mother she'd marry you ages ago."—*Passing Show.*

Boomerang.—Browne—"Did you give your wife that little lecture on economy you talked about?"

Baker—"Yes."

"Any result?"

"Yes—I've got to give up smoking."—*Answers.*

Scrambled.—To be added to the lore of our nocturnal life is the story of the taxicab driver who was hailed by a speakeasy doorman the other night. The doorman escorted four men to the *voiture*, arranged them carefully within and then instructed the chauffeur:

"The man on the left goes to——Park Avenue, the one next to him to——East Sixty-fifth, the one on the left front seat to ——West End, and the other to——Riverside Drive."

The chauffeur nodded understandingly and drove away. In a few moments he was back, beckoning to the doorman.

"Say, Buddy," he said, "would you mind sortin' these guys out again? I hit a bump on Sixth Avenue."—*New Yorker.*

Sure Fire.—Several hundred feet of wife were attached to the device and it is believed this was the mechanism used to wreck his home.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Also Hair-pins.—Mr. Henry Ford now owns general stores which sell all sorts of goods, including chewing-gum, twine, toffee, glue and sealing-wax. These, of course, are very useful for minor repairs.—*Humorist.*

How to Torture Your Wife.—"John, dear, I am to be in an amateur theatrical. What would folks say if I were to wear tights?"

"They would probably say that I married you for your money." — *Hardware Age.*

Papa's Apotheosis.—The bride entered with her father, D. Curry Stewart, who was beautifully drest in a gown of soft white chiffon-georgette, crêpe trimmed in princess lace and embroidered in sunburst designs with seed pearls and rhinestones. — *Greensboro (N. C.) paper.*

Come to Think of It.—Judge—"Well, John, I can give you this divorce, but it will cost you three dollars."

John—"Three dollars, boss?"

Judge—"That's the fee."

John—"Well, boss, I jes' tell ya, I don't b'lieve I wants no divorce. There ain't three dollars difference 'tween dem two wimmen."—*Alabama Rammer-Jammer.*

When Girls Were Girls.—Tonsorial Headquarters and Temple of Fashion.—David McCann.—He has for sale: Ladies' and gentlemen's wigs, hair bands, beau catchers, heart breakers, kill beaux, English frizets, French do curls, Venus pomatum, Russian oil, long hair and short hair, all of the first quality.—*From "One Hundred Years Ago" in the Gettysburg Star and Sentinel.*

Tourist Joys.—

Seeing America First

. . . SHARP curve ahead . . . darn that chicken . . . a skin you love to touch . . . they satisfy . . . what a dilapidated old house . . . it floats . . . 400 rooms with bath . . . from contented cows . . . just soak and rinse . . . what a wonderful view . . . detour . . . safety and interest guaranteed . . . blow some my way . . . best lubrication . . . slow down to 20 mi . . . hot dogs and pop . . . no left turn . . . come again . . . Florid's Nursery . . . 57 varieties . . . there's a fine farm . . . Pottsville was settled in . . . more power, quicker getaway . . . this is a fine stretch of road . . . detour . . . more mileage . . . picture ahead—kodak as you go. . . .—*Life.*

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CURRENT ▾ EVENTS

FOREIGN

July 6.—Commander Richard E. Byrd is decorated with the Cross of an officer of the Legion of Honor by Premier Poincaré of France.

July 7.—The gold medal of the City of Paris is awarded to Commander Byrd, Lieut. George O. Noville, Bernt Balchen, Bert Acosta, Clarence D. Chamberlin, and Charles A. Levine in recognition of their gallantry and courage in navigating the air from America to Europe.

Kilauea, in Hilo, Hawaii, the largest active volcano in the world, erupts and pours out three rivers of lava, forming a lake of rock one thousand feet across.

July 8.—In order to guard trade and transportation, Japan takes over control of the railroad which traverses the Province of Shantung from Tsing-tao to Tsinanfu.

July 9.—Commander Byrd is made an honorary citizen of Dunkirk, France, and his three companions, Lieutenant Noville, Bernt Balchen and Bert Acosta receive special medals from the city.

In an interview with a British newspaper, Marshal Foch predicts that there will be another world war "within the next fifteen or twenty years" on a vastly larger scale than the last.

July 10.—Kevin Christopher O'Higgins, Vice-President of the Irish Free State Executive Council and Minister of Justice and External Affairs, is assassinated near his home, while on his way to mass. The three assassins escape.

A cloudburst inundates a large area in Saxony, Germany, and a vast amount of damage by resulting floods is reported.

Senator Paul Jacques Dupuy, publisher of *Le Petit Parisien*, the newspaper with the largest circulation in the world, and a leading figure in French politics, dies at his home in Versailles.

July 11.—A thousand people are reported killed and tremendous damage is inflicted by an earthquake in Palestine and Trans-Jordania. The earthquake is reported to be the worst in 1,200 years.

In the course of a general debate on disarmament in the House of Commons, Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Foreign Secretary, declares that war between Great Britain and the United States "is already outlawed in the hearts and souls of their citizens."

July 12—Maj. G. D. Hatfield, commanding a detachment of United States Marines in Nicaragua, orders the rebel leader, General Sandino, to lay down his arms.

DOMESTIC

July 6.—Capt. Curtis Wheeler and Lieut. Carl J. Sack, members of the 102d Observation Squadron of the 27th Division, New York National Guard, are killed when their airplane crashes at Pine Camp, New York, where their squadron is engaged in maneuvers.

Maj.-Gen. Leonard Wood announces that President Coolidge desires him to return to his post as Governor-General of the Philippines and to remain as long as his health permits.

Justice Hitz of the District of Columbia Supreme Court overrules demurrers to bribery indictments returned three years ago against Albert B. Fall and Edward L. Doheny, and decrees that they must stand trial.

July 7.—A demonstration in New York City in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti, the condemned radicals awaiting execution in Massachusetts for murder, ends in a free-for-all fight when Communists storm the speaker's stand.

July 8.—James R. Sheffield resigns as Ambassador to Mexico, and his resignation is accepted by President Coolidge.

July 9.—John Drew, the noted actor, dies in San Francisco. He was seventy-four.

July 10.—The total income taxes for the nation for the fiscal year 1927, the Internal Revenue Bureau reports, amount to $2,219,831,014.41, miscellaneous Federal taxes, $645,864,495.45, bringing the total revenue up to $2,865,695,509.86.

July 12.—The Northwest Farm Conference meeting in St. Paul, Minnesota, adopts resolutions condemning President Coolidge's veto of the McNary-Haugen bill and demanding enactment of the same bill by the next Congress.

Lieuts. Lester J. Maitland and Albert F. Hegenberger, who made the non-stop flight from California to Hawaii, are welcomed back to San Francisco.

Timely Boost.—

In my opinion
Our fair dominion
Is quite as good as it seems:
The trees are blowing,
The men are sowing,
The boys are fishing the streams.

The mountains steeple;
The folk that people
The plains and valleys below
Are ten times nicer
Than Lewis, Dreiser,
And Sherwood Anderson know.

—*Arthur Guiterman, in Saturday Evening Post.*

Gastronomic Souvenirs.—One of the many things Colonel Lindbergh expects to do within the next day or two is to make arrangements for placing in the Missouri Historical Society rooms, for safekeeping and exhibition, the meals conferred upon him in Europe and the United States, in recognition of his valorous flight.—*Birmingham (Ala.) paper.*

Double Misfit.—MABEL—"Mr. Diggs, the contractor, offered me his hand and fortune, but I refused both."

MADGE—"Oh, why?"

MABEL—"One was too large and the other too small."—*Boston Transcript.*

Down to Brass Tacks.—

Girls when they went out to swim,
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
Now they have a bolder whim:
They dress more like her cupboard.

—*Wesleyan Wasp.*

go to hawaii this October

MAKE your plans now for a wonderful autumn trip. MALOLO *(Flying Fish)* —famous new flagship of the Matson fleet, has cut the time to Honolulu to four days. Four perfect days at sea to the loveliest spot on earth—Hawaii, where spring is always in the air—land of year 'round sport, of leisure and contentment.

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Jan. 25; 65 days, $600 to $1700
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ON TIRED, TENDER, SMARTING, SWOLLEN, PERSPIRING FEET
25 CENTS · ALL DRUGGISTS

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$30,000 in Cash Prizes

Find Six Keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

Through a national survey the public has given us six outstanding reasons why everybody likes Coca-Cola. They are being illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising between the first week in May and the middle of August—in many newspapers and in each of the following weeklies (one "key" to each advertisement): The Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Liberty, Collier's Weekly, and Life—in posters and outdoor signs throughout the country, and in the show window displays and the soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

You'll find one of the "keys" in the advertisement on the opposite page. Four have already appeared. Check back and find them if you missed them. All will be easy to find—if you keep your eyes open to Coca-Cola advertising.

Just three things to do:

1. *Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.**
2. *Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.*
3. *Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question:*

Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the two questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize	$10,000
2nd prize	5,000
3rd prize	2,500
4th prize	1,000
5th prize	500
10 sixth prizes (each)	100
20 seventh prizes (each)	50
200 eighth prizes (each)	25
400 ninth prizes (each)	10
A total of 635 prizes	$30,000

RULES

*Do not mail any entry before the first week in August. You must see all "six keys" before you can write correct answers, and the final "key" will not appear until then. Contest closes August 25, 1927. All entries must be mailed by midnight of August 25, 1927. The contest is open to everybody except those connected with The Coca-Cola Company, a Coca-Cola bottling company, or their families. Write on only one side of paper. Use typewriter, pen or pencil, but please write plainly. Write your name, occupation and address plainly at the top of the first page of your entry. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit, including the correctness, neatness and clearness of your answers. All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

Address all answers to

CONTEST JUDGES
The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications

antarctic.—"M. E. McC.," Detroit, Mich.—The correct pronunciation is *ant-ark'tik* (first *a* as in *fat*, second *a* as in *art*, *i* as in *habit*); *not ant-ar'tik*. Altho spelled *antartyk* by Mandeville in 1366, *antartik* by Chaucer in 1391, and *antartique* by Blundevil in 1594, this word was then pronounced as spelled—without the medial "c." Robert Recorde, in his "Castle of Knowledge" (1556), p. 27, used the form *Antartike*, but wrote of "the *Arctike* circle" on the same page. Holland first introduced the form *antarctike* in his translation of Pliny's "Natural History" printed in 1601. The medial "c" has been indicated as pronounced by every lexicographer since 1721.

beads.—"C. E. S.," N. Canton, O.—The term "a pair of beads" is correct when used to designate a rosary, but in other cases "a string of beads" is the correct form.

carillon.—"C. C. J.," Staunton, Va.—This is a word adopted from the French and meaning, "a set of stationary bells so hung and arranged as to be capable of being played upon, either by hand or by machinery." It is pronounced either *kar'i-lan*—first *a* as in *fat*, *i* as in *habit*, second *a* as in *final*; or (French) *ka"ri"yon'*—*a* as in *artistic*, *i* as in *police*, *o* as in *or*, *n* as in the French word *bon*.

dates.—"H. C. W.," Boise, Idaho.—In the United States dates, when written numerically, show the month, then the day, then the year, as 4-2-27, meaning "April second, 1927." In Great Britain the first figure indicates the day, the second the month, and the last the year, and the enumeration is read, "the fourth of February, 1927."

grace-cup, loving-cup, wassail-bowl or cup.—"J. C. P., Jr.," Kingsland, Ga.—A *loving-cup* designates "a wine-cup, generally with several handles, meant to pass from hand to hand around a circle of friends; a party-cup." It is a large cup passed round from guest to guest at formal banquets, especially at college, court, and in the City of London. The *loving-cup* has usually two or more handles, so that it can be easily passed from hand to hand.

Legend claims that in order to induce the Scots to remain for grace, Margaret Atheling, the wife of Malcolm Canmore, devised the *grace-cup* (loving-cup) which was filled with the choicest wine, and of which each guest was allowed to drink *ad libitum* after grace had been said.

Wassail is from Anglo-Saxon, *wes hal*, be whole, and the word served as a salutation equivalent to "health to you!" On the introduction of Christianity, the custom of wassailing was not abolished, but it assumed a religious aspect. The monks called the *wassail-bowl* the *poculum caritatis* (loving-cup), a term still retained in the London Companies, but in the universities the term *grace-cup* is more general.

The *loving-cup* used in England at the Lord Mayor's or City Companies' banquets is a silver bowl with two handles, a napkin being tied to one of them. Two persons stand up, one to drink and the other to defend the drinker. Having taken his draught, the first wipes the cup with the napkin, and passes it to his "defender," when the next person rises to the next drinker, and so on to the end.

immerse, immersion, aspersion.—"H. H.," Welletka, Okla.—This word was used by Francis Bacon in his "Advancement of Learning" in 1605. Probably it was in current speech long before, for it is in Cawdrey's "Table Alphabetical of Hard Wordes," a dictionary published in 1613, and that was the third edition of the book, the first edition of which probably appeared in the last decade of the sixteenth century. In this work it is defined: "*Immersed*, dipped or plunged."

About the year 1625 the distinction between *immersion* and *aspersion* was drawn by Donne in his Thirty-first Sermon of the edition of "Eighty Sermons," in which the worthy prelate wrote: "In baptism we are sunk under water, and then raised above the water, which was the manner of baptizing in the Christian Church by *immersion*, and not by *aspersion*, till of late times."

loan.—"M. D. W.," Melrose, Mass.—As a verb this term is extensively used in the United States, and since it has so appeared from time to time in literature over the past four or five hundred years there is authority for the usage. Such usage, however, is frowned upon by purists who insist that *loan* is a noun only.

Dictionaries, which must be simply recorders of the language as it is used, recognize *loan* as a verb meaning "to lend money, especially on interest," and Dr. Vizetelly in his "Desk-Book of Errors in English" says: "*Loan, lend:* One may raise (put an end to) a *loan* by paying both principal and interest, and another may *lend* money to do so. The use of *loan* as a verb, meaning, 'to grant the loan of or lend, as ships, money, linen, provisions, etc.,' dates from the year 1200, and is accepted as good English. Some purists, however, characterize it as colloquial."

Lois.—"C. W. K.," Lykens, Pa.—Originally a Bible name given to women; later a corruption of "Ludwig," which the Provençals rendered *Aloys*—now regarded as a separate name. The Bretons reduced this to *Loiz* and the French to *Looys*, then *Loys*. The Provençal *Aloys* led to the forming of the feminine *Aloyse*, whence came later *Heloïse*. The name *Lois* or *Loys* is pronounced lo'is—*o* as in *go*; *i* as in habit.

negligible.—"B. H.," New York, N. Y.—The definition of this word is: "That may be disregarded, especially without affecting a mathematical or logical result; inconsiderable." In the case under consideration, as the amount of resistance is a mathematical result that may be disregarded, the adjective *negligible* is properlv used to describe it.

pergola.—"W. F.," Zenia, O.—The correct pronunciation is *pur'go-la*—*u* as in *burn*, *o* as in *obey*, *a* as in *final*; not *par-go'la*—*a's* as in *final*, *o* as in *go*.

run against, run into.—"E. A. H.," Baxter Springs, Kan.—Both expressions are in use. "Run against" means, "to come into contact, collision or antagonism with; as, *to run against* an obstacle." "Run into" means, "to run or come into collision with; as, two trains *ran into* each other."

soviet.—"S. R. S.," Parkersburg, W. Va.—This is pronounced in two syllables, *so"vyet'*—*o* as in *go*, *e* as in *get*. The French give it three syllables, *so"vi"et'*—*o* as *go*, *i* as in *machine*, *e* as in *get*. In both pronunciations the *t* is sounded.

sophisticated.—"V. M. C.," New York, N. Y.—This word has had its original meaning extended. To-day, when we say a man is *sophisticated*, we mean that he is "informed in the ways of the world; worldly-wise," or that he is "possessed of superficial information; artificially or pretentiously wise." We do not mean that he is corrupt, perverted, dishonest, or impure, but the one word, *sophisticated*, has also these widely different senses. *The New Standard Dictionary* tells us that a *sophist* is a professed teacher of wisdom, or practical philosophy, and of its exposition as the arts of dialectic and rhetoric. The founders of this school among the Greeks (in the fifth century B. C.) turned attention from the earlier crude cosmological speculations to the study of man, and so prepared the way for Socrates and his successors, Plato and Aristotle. Later, the sophists, partly through their confounding persuasion in matters of opinion with the sincere search and sound establishing of truth, and partly through political and social corruption, due to the fact that they taught the art of persuasion in a spirit of self-seeking and for pay, became distrusted and despised. In this period their doctrine of the relativity of knowledge led them to the philosophical position of subjective idealism, and the practise of their art degenerated into the use of methods designed to "make the worse appear the better cause." After a period of decline, this school was revived in the 2d century A. D. in the form of professional orators and declaimers, and later still, as defenders of paganism and philosophic culture. Lucian and Julian the emperor belonged to the later schools.

About 500 A. D., because of political or social corruption, a *sophist* became known as one who argued cleverly but fallaciously; hence, the verb *sophisticate*, "to beguile, delude, mislead, corrupt, or pervert"; and this is the sense in which the verb has its first recorded use in English, prior to 1400.

But about 1600 the meaning of the verb was slightly extended in usage, and developed the sense: "To deprive of simplicity of mind or manner; render artificial." So it was used by Florio in his translation of Montaigne's Essays in 1603: "And truly Philosophy is nothing else but a *sophisticated* Poesie"; by Frances D'Arblay in 1796: "(They were) less sedulously sought by those whom the manners and maxims of the world had *sophisticated*."

The step to the usage of *sophisticated* as a synonym for wordly-wise is a very short one; for what is a worldly-wise person but one who has lost his natural simplicity of mind or manner?

Träumerei.—"M. C. B.," Yellow Springs, O.—The correct pronunciation of *Träumerei* (not *Traumeri*) is *troi'mer-ai—oi* as in *oil*, *e* as in *over*, *ai* as in *aisle*.

"H. A. S.," San Francisco, Calif.—Words having more than one syllable with the sound of *k* where *c* follows a vowel, or other vowels than *i* or *ia*, commonly take *k* after the *c*, as *attack*, *barrack*, *cocksure*, *pucker*. Exceptions to this rule are *havoc*, but *havocked*, *havocking; picnic*, but *picnicked*, *picnicking; shellac*, but *shellacked*, *shellacking*.

"W. E. G.," Anacoco, La.—(1) The phrase *Quo Vadis* (not *Vadas*) means literally, "Whither goest thou?"

(2) There are two adjectives derived from the word *figment*—*figmental* and *figmentary*.

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